

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 461—Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS \$1 00.]

The Late Rebel Raid—What it Was— What it Came For—and the Results.

The surprise, the panic, the smoke and

dust, the clamor and confusion, attending the late daring, destructive and dangerous rebel raid into Maryland having subsided, we are enabled to scan the field of its operations, to

see what it was, what it came for, what it accomplished, and in what it failed.

Its main object was the surprise and capture of Washington, and the plan of operations

pursued to this end was well considered and promising. The Army of the Potomac, on the south side of James river, could be held in check before the fortifications of Peters-



MAJOR-GEN. FRANKLIN CARRIED OFF IN A BUGGY.



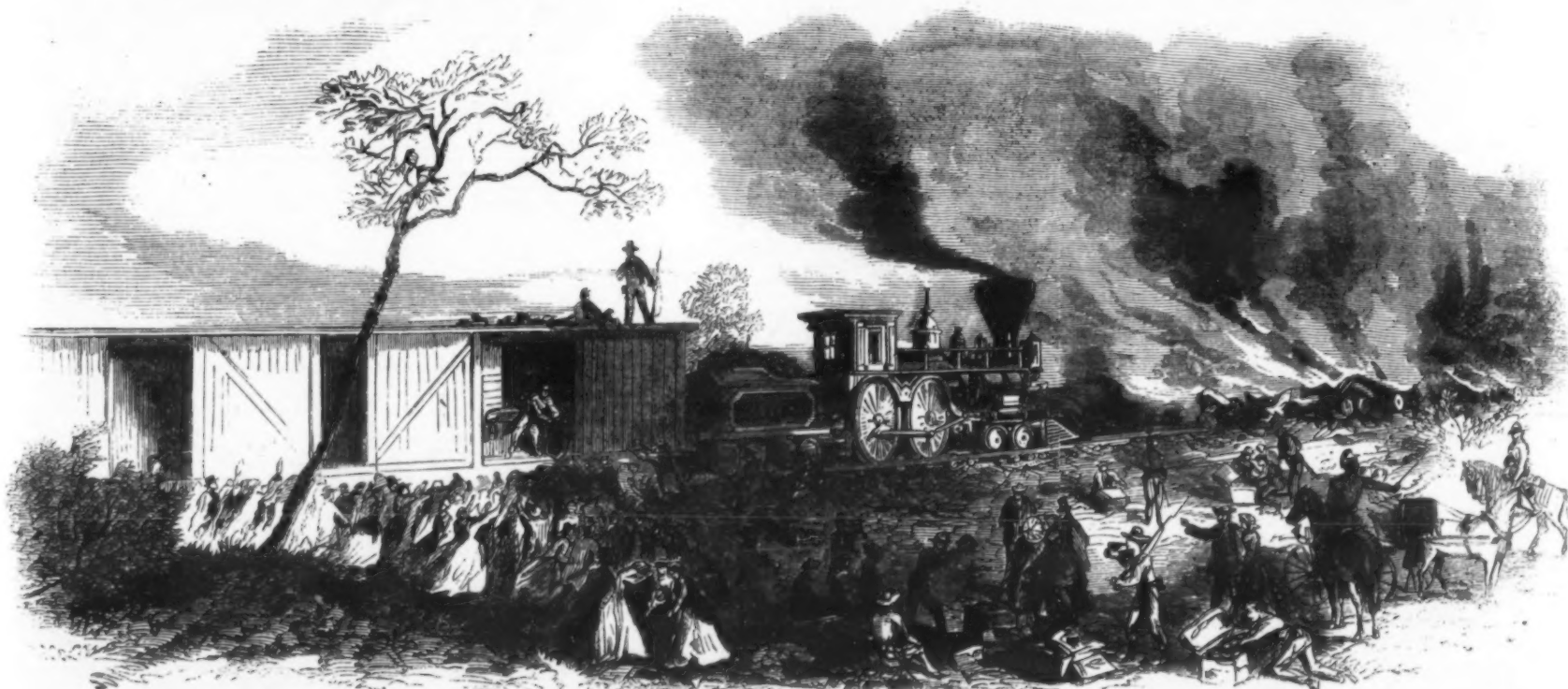
ESCAPE OF GEN. FRANKLIN FROM HIS GUARDS AT NIGHT NEAR TOWSON TOWN.



GEN. FRANKLIN HIDING IN THE WOODS TO AVOID SCOUTS.



GEN. FRANKLIN'S RECEPTION BY MARYLAND FARMERS.



THE INVASION OF MARYLAND—CAPTURE OF A TRAIN ON THE PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD AT MAGNOLIA, NEAR GUNPOWDER RIDGE, JULY 11.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 295.

burg, by half the army of Lee, during the time required for this expedition; or if Gen. Grant should swing round again to the north side of Richmond, he could be held there for several weeks before the forts encircling the city by a comparatively small force securely. The Union forces of Gen. Hunter, driven westward from the Shenandoah valley, had left it open down to the Maryland border, and likewise the country east of the Blue ridge, between Gordonsville and Manassas. In the next place, the enemy were well informed of the comparatively unprotected condition of Washington; that its defences were thinly occupied by troops, and that these were mostly inexperienced militia, or raw 100 day volunteers. Putting all these inviting facts together, a less vigilant, skilful and daring soldier than Gen. Lee would have seen and seized the opportunity for a bold movement against our national capital. There was some risk; but there was a fine opening for a success which would secure at once to the rebellion the intervention of France and England.

The occasion and all the advantages suggested were not lost upon Gen. Lee. The forces of Early and Breckinridge, at least 35,000 men all told, mainly detailed from Richmond to head off and capture or disperse the army of Gen. Hunter, after his retirement from Lynchburg, were already well on their journey towards Washington, when they had driven him away. Hunter's army, meantime, moving off for the Ohio river, had become as useless to us in this emergency as if it had been removed to Oregon. There appeared to be every prospect of success to this daring rebel enterprise. The only chance of a failure was the probability of relief to Washington from Grant's army, but there was also the probability that even this relief might come in too late. In any case it would give at least a temporary relief to Richmond.

The grand design against Washington was promptly put into execution. Breckinridge and his column of infantry, artillery and cavalry, 20,000 strong, wholly unobstructed, swept rapidly down the Shenandoah valley to the Potomac, driving Sigel from Martinsburg to the northern heights overlooking Harper's Ferry, and sweeping broadcast into Maryland without further resistance. Early, meantime, moved across the country, east of the Blue ridge, and crossing the fords of the Upper Potomac, some 25 or 30 miles above Washington, was, with at least a portion of his forces, advancing upon the city, while Gen. Wallace was engaged with Breckinridge on the Monocacy. Wallace, borne down by overwhelming numbers, and flanked on his left, retired upon Baltimore, and thus even his body of troops were detached from the defence of Washington. This was on Saturday evening, the 9th instant, 40 miles north of the city; and yet, on Monday evening, it appears Breckinridge, with his main column, had joined Early in front of the city's northern defences. This was rapid marching, after a day's fighting, for infantry that had been making such forced marches for many days. It appears, further, that Gen. Early was urged by some of his subordinates to try the experiment of dashing into the city on Monday evening, and that, from failing or declining to do so, he was constrained to confess the next morning that he had lost his golden opportunity.

The events which have followed we need not here repeat. It will suffice that, in feeling the pulse of the Washington defences, Early, Breckinridge and company were convinced that in the main object of their mission they had failed, and that the only alternative left them was to gather up their scattered marauding detachments, and return to Virginia with their plunder. By a lucky succession of advantages on coming in, they were enabled to reach the heart of Maryland without resistance; and but for the check they suffered on the Monocacy, they might have succeeded, as a surprise party, in getting into Washington. In that battle on the Monocacy, though defeated, Gen. Wallace rendered, in our judgment, incalculable service to the country. He delayed in that fight the enemy's advance upon Washington a whole day, and gained such conclusive information of the enemy's strength and designs, as to be enabled to give to the War Office a seasonable and explicit warning of the impending danger.

We have escaped a great disaster; but neither the Government nor the Border States of Maryland and Pennsylvania can put in even a plausible excuse for neglecting those precautions whereby this destructive foray might have been crushed on the banks of the Potomac. We have the right, in behalf of the National cause, and take the liberty to demand of the Administration and of the States directly concerned, that this late disgraceful rebel invasion shall be the last adventure of the kind in the history of the war.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1864.

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DECLINED.—One Enough; or, Two Lovers Too Many—Changes—The White Lady of Hohenzollern—Ralph Mayland's Fate—The Maid of the Mountain—For the Christians.

Summary of the Week.

THE INVASION.

The invasion of Maryland was really an attempt on Washington. It was made by a column 30,000 strong, under Gen. Early. Breckinridge commanded the infantry and Ransom the cavalry. They were to concentrate at Frederick and move on Washington. Wallace's defence of the Monocacy destroyed their hopes of carrying Washington, and they scattered to plunder and destroy. The destruction of the residences of some public men near Baltimore and Washington will be found to have been the work of resident rebels, who doubtless aided in the destruction of the railroad bridges, as they did three years ago.

The greatest point was their capture of Gens. Franklin and Tyler, who both escaped.

They carried off 10,000 cattle and 5,000 horses, but left their dead and wounded.

On the 12th they were attacked at Rockville by the 6th corps, and retired, leaving their dead and wounded in front of Fort Stevens, which they had threatened.

On the 15th our troops crossed the Potomac at Edward's ferry in pursuit.

VIRGINIA.

Grant is pushing his works steadily before Petersburg.

Sheridan has set out on a new expedition.

On the 9th an expedition, under Col. Diamond, 1st W. S. volunteers, started from Portsmouth, and drove the rebel guerrillas from the Nansemond county across the Blackwater.

On the 12th the 2d corps moved to the front to meet the enemy, but he was not found.

On the 14th a rebel field battery at Wilson's landing fired on the steamers George Weems and United States, injuring both seriously.

The rebel raiders have made good their escape with all their plunder, no part having been recaptured. Quiet is restored around Washington and Baltimore, and travel resumed.

GEORGIA.

After dislodging Johnston from the Kennesaw,

Sherman made a flank movement, by which he reached the Chattahoochee, and captured 3,000 prisoners. Johnston, finding his splendid works of no avail, fell back on Atlanta.

On the 5th Stanley's division, 4th corps, and King's 14th corps carried a rebel position, losing about 300 men.

Sherman has since driven the enemy into his works at Atlanta.

MISSISSIPPI.

An expedition, under Gen. Dennis left Black river on the 3d, and being joined at Champion hills by Gen. Slocum, moved on Jackson. On the 5th the whole force, numbering less than 3,000, came up with the enemy on the east bank of a creek, three miles from Jackson. Col. Coates, 11th Illinois, flanked their position, and they retired. Our troops escaped Jackson, and repulsed the enemy in an attack made the next day. The rebels made another attempt on our rear guard near Clinton, but were repulsed.

LOUISIANA.

An expedition started from New Orleans northward about the 9th.

NORTH CAROLINA.

An expedition, under Col. Wink, on June 27th, entered Morgantown from Tennessee, captured a rebel camp, a train of cars and drew on the bank.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

An expedition started from Hilton Head, July 1, and landed on Seabrook island. They then ran up the North Edisto, and had on the 2d a sharp action with a rebel battery, which, however, they could not take.

On the same day, Gen. Schemmelpfennig, with the 33d U. S. (black), 103 N. Y. and 55th Mass. landed on James island, and carried a rebel battery at the point of the bayonet.

In the evening the 127th N. Y. and 55th Penn. crossed from Morris island and surprised battery Simpkins, but failed to carry Fort Johnson, losing over 100 men.

On the 4th a sharp artillery fight took place between Fort Pringle and our gunboats Pawnee, McDonough, Lehigh and Montauk.

NAVAL.

The Florida continues her depredations, but a number of vessels have been sent after her, no doubt as usual limited as to the extent of their pursuit.

A blockade-runner worth \$70,000 was captured on the 2d by the Keystone State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

HOSTILITIES between the Danes and the German Powers were reopened on the 26th of June. On the 29th the Prussians succeeded in capturing the island of Alsens, with nearly 3,000 prisoners. Two small Danish vessels were blown up to prevent capture, and the ironclad Rolf Krake injured. Austria and Prussia have come to a full understanding about the conduct of the war. They will propose conjointly to the Federal Diet to declare likewise war against Denmark. The Germans, it is said, will occupy the whole of Jutland as a pledge, will collect the taxes, and employ the proceeds to meet the military expense. It is stated, moreover, that Schleswig and Holstein united would be placed under the administration of the great German Powers—that is, Austria and Prussia—until the Federal Diet decides on the respective claims of the Augusten-burg and the Oldenburg dynasty.

Two boarding-house keepers—one residing in Liverpool and the other in London—have been committed for trial on charges of having violated the Foreign Enlistment Act, by engaging men for service on board the Confederate steamers Georgia and Kappahannock. Both prisoners have been admitted to bail.

Mr. Dayton had given a grand dinner to Capt. Winslow of the Kearsarge and all the officers that could be spared from duty.

According to a correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, an iron-plated vessel left Bordeaux two days after the defeat of the Alabama, to take the place of the latter. In the House of Commons, on the 1st of July, the Oxford University Test Bill was rejected by a vote of 171 against 173, a majority of two against the Government.

The Chinese newspapers give full accounts of the repulse of the Anglo-Saxon contingent under Col. Gordon at Chang-chow-foo. The fighting was desperate. It is said, however, that Gordon will surely take the city, and it is considered probable that with its fall the Taiping rebellion will come to an end. In the assault no fewer than six European officers were killed and 21 wounded. The officers did nearly all the fighting when the storming was to be carried out.

The Emperor Maximilian and the Empress had entered the city of Mexico in triumph. Arrangements had been perfected to make the entry a magnificent one, and outwardly everything was *coulée de rose*, but the display had been forced upon the people by the French military, who compelled the inhabitants to illuminate and decorate the city on pain of heavy fines and imprisonment. The new Emperor had made a proposition to Juarez to accept a distinguished office under the new empire, but the ex-President had declined, and declared his intention to fight it out to the last. The Emperor had appointed ministers to the courts of Russia, Prussia and Brazil. The ministry, or administration, had as yet not been organized, nor had the policy of the Emperor been revealed. It is assured, however, that D. J. Fernando Ramirez had been invited to organize a ministry, but that he had refused, saying that public opinion was not in favor of the empire. The financial situation of the empire is not very cheering; for, notwithstanding the contracts entered into between Maximilian and Napoleon III., the former, far from being able to pay the expenses of the French expedition from the 1st of July, has been compelled to borrow from the funds of the French army 1,000,000 francs, to be applied to the expenses of the empire, and this happens in its first month of existence.

The news from Japan is of the usual character, the native princes being anxious to put an end to all foreign intercourse have paid the English Government the indemnity, and repudiated the proceedings of the Princes who fired upon the British flag. The French and British Governments have, during the present troubles, taken advantage of the unsettled state of international affairs, and fortified several portions of the coast. It is from these small encroachments that they look forward to taking the whole country.

TOWN GOSSIP.

If we were but gifted with second sight!

If we could but lie out in some far country spot and tell our gossip of the town, know all that is transpiring upon Broadway while were

"Chasing the wild deer and following the roe" on the Adirondacks, or pulling out scores of those six

pound trout that perpetually do inhabit the streams of John Brown's track!

Some day we shall build a country and a city to suit ourselves, and the first arrangement we shall make in the town will be that upon the 1st of June it shall be shut up, and all the population retire to soft, secluded spots, where Newport and Saratoga reign for ever, where deer and wild turkey disport themselves in every wood, and trout and pickerel cry aloud to be caught. There shall be no newspapers published and no news told, and from that time until the 1st of October all shall be oblivion to business and the outer world.

Any person wishing to join a society of this kind can send in their name immediately.

Broadway has lost its bloom, and during these hot days of July looks only like a flowerbed parched under a drought. The upper japonica-dom-ten has deserted the pave, and if not already ensconced in summer quarters, assumes the fact by shutting the front blinds and living in the back of the house, while the bellpull and door-knob are suffered to go uncleaned, and the front stoop to accumulate dust.

How strange it is that during these three months the "Can't get away club," does not do something for itself. Why not picnics, numbering not over 40, and organized with repetitions, by those whom a fellow-feeling should make wondrous kind? We know of no picnic clubs among friends, as there are social dancing-parties or musical meetings of a score of acquaintances, and yet we will find that every one of these dancing and musical associates can enjoy a day's picnicing beyond anything else when they have an opportunity. They are either thrown upon the necessity of getting up such an affair, "for that occasion only," at great trouble and expense, or are forced to partake of public picnics, which are no picnics at all.

Another point at which we wonder is the want of means to reach a night sail upon the water. Should the tired citizen desire to take his wife or children for a breath of air off the beautiful bay when the day's labor is over, at a moderate cost, the thing is impossible. In all the myriads of boats swarming at our wharves, there is not one whose owners have sufficient enterprise to announce that for one month they will start from one certain point and give us three or four hours' evening sail, with or without the accompaniment of a little music, especially the without, and unimpeachable good order and protection, for half a dollar. In olden times there were cotillion excursions, starting about dark and running far into the small hours of the morning; but they soon failed, from the fact that they became only lawless, drunken sprays, gathering the very raffia of the town, and carrying through their rowdiness without an attempt of the officers of the boats to restrain them. We propose something different from this. In the first place, no liquor to be sold on board; and in the second, no landings to be made until landed again in New York. These points attended to, with proper police regulations on board, and pleasant excursions on the bay and waters of New York, so arranged that every person would know that they could go any night with as much certainty as the street cars and ferryboats, would be a feature and largely patronized.

Thinking of sandbars makes us think of law and of lawyers, and, as a consequence, to tell an odd story, without giving names, but which is true to the letter, as narrated as such by the principal actor himself, without whose exposure the affair never would have been known.

It is no secret that somewhere within the last two months an eminent member of the New York bar, of considerable wealth, has espoused a rather good-looking widow, not fat, but fair and forty. At the time of the espousal he was congratulated on his great good fortune, the lady possessing—mind, by his own declaration—a snug little property of half a million, unembarrassed. It now turns out—mind, also by his own declaration—that he has been most shamefully outgeneralled. The fair widow, it seems, had long sighed in unanswered love for this man of guips and quibbles, until at last,

"Sickenings with some vague disease,"

she was on the point of stepping into the next world, and sent for the legal gentleman to draw up the will. Quickly she disposed of half a million in real estate and bank stock, and then settled herself for a comfortable life, but to the astonishment of all interested, took a sudden turn, and in a week or two got well. Her legal adviser could not do less than call and congratulate her on the recovery, and call again to watch her progress to entire health. In less than three months from the date of this marvellous escape from the tomb the two were one; and the fair widow was transferred to a sumptuous establishment in 2-1/2 street, but new, to the utter disgust of the attorney, it is revealed that the widow is afflicted with insanity, the brain weakness consisting in supposing herself possessed of sundry millions of wealth existing only in her own imagination. This, perhaps, is the most charitable construction that can be put upon a little matter that has caused many chuckles of delight in that particular set cognisant of the whole affair.

One would hardly suppose upon dropping in to any of the theatres or exhibitions of the metropolis that summer was in its meridian and all New York out of town. For the season, every house is full, and the people put up with unventilated houses, bad seats, fourth rate actors and impudent ushers, with a philosophy perfectly disgusting.

At this moment New York is given up to the leg drama. The Bowery has broken loose and invaded Broadway. We saw it coming, months ago, and advised the innovation, but never for an instant anticipated the form in which it has come. Legs, physical and of unpadding proportions, have supplanted the actors over the entire face of the drama. Managers bow in obsequious engagements to legs. Dramatists rack their brains for situations that shall show them to the best advantage, and a debutante no longer gets an engagement on her talent but upon the symmetry of her understandings, and her ability to show them in the most unblushing manner.

We remember less than forty years ago when Madame Trust, the first operatic dancer who came to this country, was hissed from the Park-stage for a display that was modesty itself when compared to the modern ballet. What would our virtuous papas say now to the leg drama? Would they sit satisfied, and gaze upon the physical proportions of "The French Spy," the pedlar beauties of "Ogarita," or the enticing musles of "Mazepa," or would they essay a note of shocked morality? Thank heaven, we did not write forty years ago, and that our dramatic taste was not formed in that period!

And of such is the leg drama! These phases may differ; it may be helped by four-legged adjuncts and clad in a prima donna in an opera. At this moment three theatres in New York are running the leg drama, with a fair prospect of two more opening in the same line within a week or two, should any young lady offer whose extremities will stand public criticism. We hear it stated on positive authority that a "celebrated dramatist," who keeps ready-made dramas always on hand, is at this moment engaged in altering a five act comedy into a first-class leg drama, and will introduce new legs into every act, having positively studied half a score of would-be debutantes for the principal characters.

We bow to the decrees of fate! Our destinies, our tastes, are in other hands. The feast is to be prepared for us, and we must only eat. Therefore we say, vive les jambes!

At Wallack's "The Winning Suit" proved a losing one, and is replaced by such novelties as "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Lady of Lyons."

The Olympic gave this week "The Bohemian Girl," and following, Balie's opera of "The Rose of Castile." So far the honors have been divided between Borchi and Campbell, it is latter especially building up for himself a popularity that with some future day, when he has a fair chance, will spread into expression.

Barnum has made a hit with "Mazulium," and with the aid of ventilators keeps full houses in spite of heat and depopulation.

BOOK NOTICES.

— Hon. James F. Simmons, a prominent citizen

The *Day's Herald* says the Christian slave-

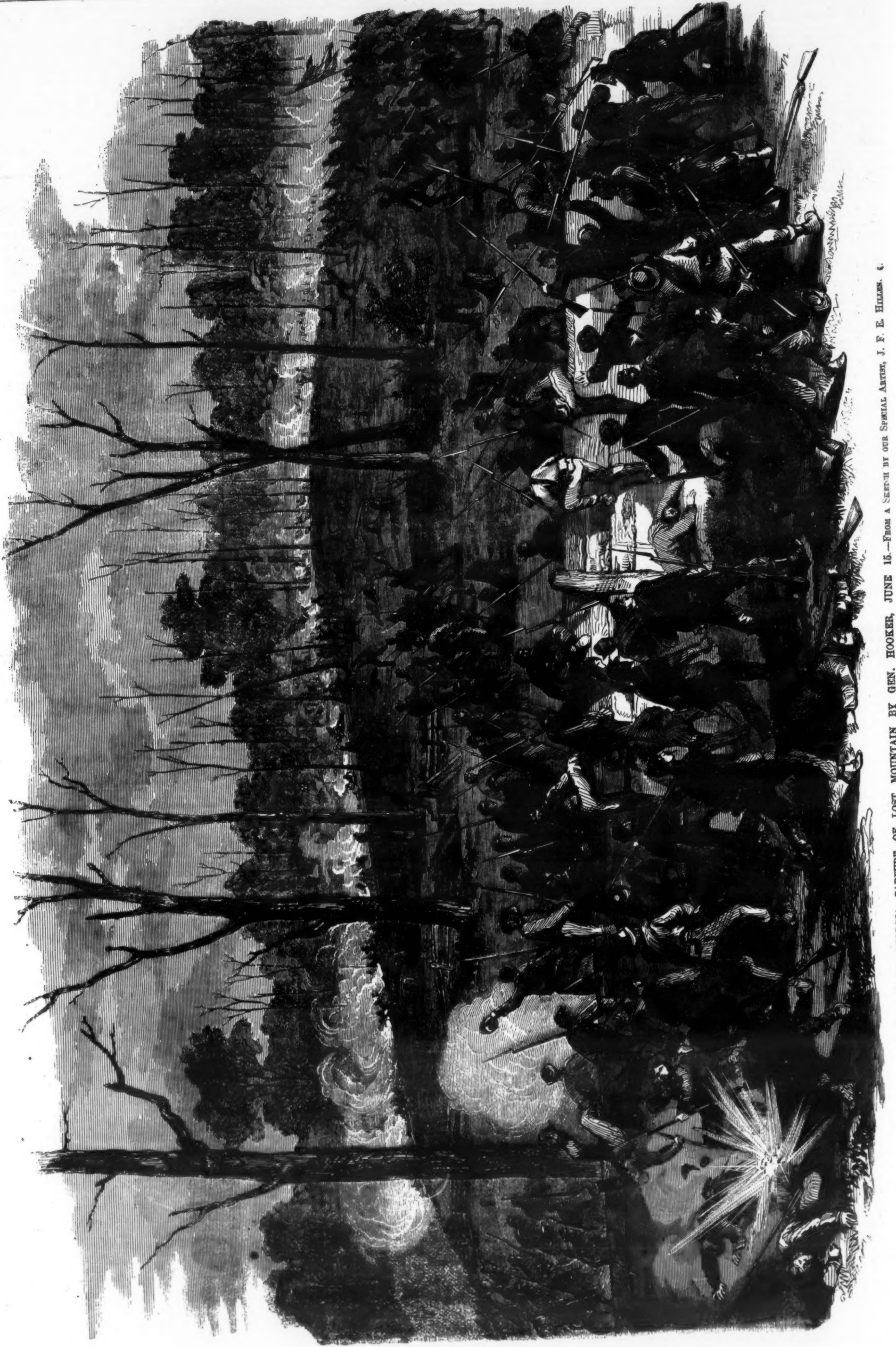
poor child in a recognizable condition. She had been stolen by one of the wandering female vagabonds that infest the city, and devoted to the wretched employment in which her mother found her in order to earn a few pence for the miserable creature, who has eluded the officers of justice, although vigorous efforts were made to trace her to the place of her punishment.

This is not a history of the gallant 3d Massachusetts, which we are happy to see Mr. Quint promises us, but a series of letters written during the campaign in which it did its duty nobly. They are a most interesting and refreshing volume, and will be read with pleasure by all who can appreciate the writings of a genuine scholar and a devoted clergyman, a sincere patriot.

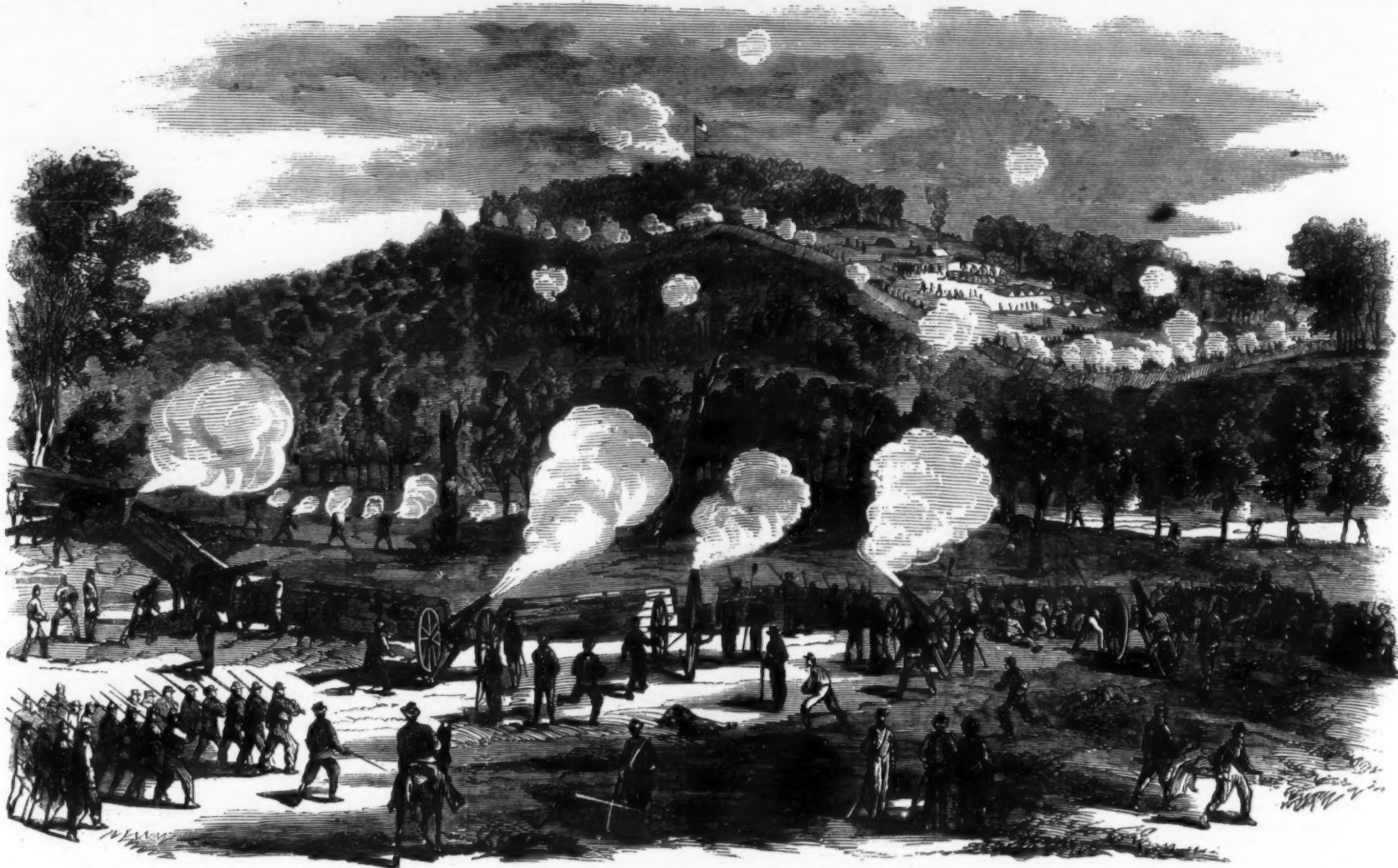
A FOP OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

dead who fell upon that fatal field, will be \$50,000. Its height is to be 50 feet. The design consists of a shaft of marble crowned with a colossal bronze statue of the Goddess of Liberty, 15 feet high. The base, of solid white marble, has four buttresses, each supporting a statue representing respectively History, War, Peace and Plenty.

"MASSA," said Sambo, "one of your oxen is dead: 'toder too. I'll tell you of boff at once for for you couldn't bare it."



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—CAPTURE OF LOST MOUNTAIN BY GEN. HOOKER, JUNE 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN. &



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—KNAPP'S PENNSYLVANIA BATTERY SHELLING PINE KNOB, AND KILLING THE REBEL GENERAL POLK, JUNE 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. A. H.—SEE PAGE 295.

SPRING SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

The birds sing merrily; the streamlets shout
With gleeful voices; tones are all around,
The air is filled with a pervading sound
Of happiness; bright creatures flit about—
Slight spears of emerald glitter on the
ground,
And many flowers, the stars of earth, are
found;



And from the invisible array of fair things
Flows a murmur, like a far-off sea;
I hear the clarions of the insect kings
Marshal their busy cohorts on the lea.
Life universal; 'tis all music—all,
From the rejoicing cry of children free
To the swift dash of waters, as they fall,
Released by Spring to perfect liberty.

II.

The virgin, May, young, coy and blushing,
trips
Along the fields with downcast, modest
eyes,
And, looking round her with a sweet sur-
prise,
Smiles to behold the delicate, green tips
Of tender leaves, and buds that ope their lips
To the moist kisses of the amorous air,
Whose rival is the bee. Oh, false and fair—
To yield your honey-dew to wanton sips.
The sky is angry with ungrateful May
That she her blooming favors thus bestows,
And so sharp darts from misty quiver
throws,
And the Spring's darling weeps the morn
away.
Capricious nymph! at eve no more she sighs,
And the bright sunset flashes from her eyes.

HER SECRET.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"Why, Grace, you sly little puss! I protest I shall keep a lookout for your doings after this. Oh, you needn't look up so innocent, I know you," and Mary Lee pinched her friend's shoulder and kissed her cheek.

Grace gave a little scream at the pinch, and then asked with a puzzled look:

"What in the world do you mean, Mary?"

"Oh, very well, my dear—that's right; put on your little airs of mystery, but you can't help my knowing that you're going to be married."

"Oh!" said Grace, with a laugh and a blush.

"Don't deny it, Gracie."

"I don't mean to; furthermore, if you put me in the confessional I'll acknowledge to being wife-elect of Albert Edmonds, the best, dearest, handsomest—"

"Hum! interrupted Mary, prolonging that dubious remark to indefinite lengths. 'You vain little puss. I suppose she thinks she has secured the pearl of men. There! Don't fly into a fit of indignation—he's all your fancy painted him—I am ready to acknowledge it; and, joking aside, I congratulate you with all my heart, and wish you every joy in the world. I declare she's crying! Grace, my dear!'"

"Hush, Mary; I'm just so happy that if I'm not laughing I must be crying. Albert's coming to-night; won't you stay and see him?"

"I hope I have a little more common charity and understand the etiquette of lovers a little better. No, thank you; happy to spend the evening with you any time after the honeymoon."

"You and Albert always were such good friends, you know," pursued Grace, pretending not to understand.

"Yes; and that we may remain so I'll not bore him with the presence of a third party when he wants to say pretty things to the girl of his heart. Good-bye."

Albert paid the promised visit to his pretty betrothed that evening; and though perhaps it required the eye of love to see all the perfections boasted of by Grace, it was plain to any disinterested observer that he was a young man of comely looks; that his curling hair was black and glossy; that his steel-gray eyes were frank and bright, and that his whole appearance was calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the heart of an admiring maiden.

The young lovers passed the evening as that class of the community generally do, and talked over their little plans for the future till a late hour; and when at last they separated Grace found that she was too full of projects, to be executed when

she became Mrs. Edmonds, to think of retiring just then. So she pulled up her windowblinds and sat down to look out on the quiet street and the bright cold stars in the dark blue sky. She had a faint hope that she might catch another glimpse of Albert; she knew that in story-books lovers often walked past their mistresses' windows just to catch the glimmer of light through the shutters, and why shouldn't Albert? He was certainly as much in love as the most romantic hero could be; but after looking out on the still night, and thinking how very quiet the street was, for something more than half an hour, she was going to pull the curtain down and go to bed when—



Albert's Double at the Depot.

Heaven and earth! Yes, that was certainly Albert. She never could be mistaken in that face and figure, and the walk she knew so well. But, alas! though she had hoped with a warm and beating heart that he might pass up or down the street just for the pleasure of looking across at the window, now when she saw him her heart turned icy cold and stood still within her. Yet she could not take her eyes from that sight. It was Albert; that she could not doubt; but he never looked near the window, and on his arm a woman was leaning who was looking up in his face and listening eagerly to what he said. Grace had just strength enough left to draw the blind and leave a small loophole to look through. She had no wish to be seen then, but she would watch them. Her false lover and his companion stopped right opposite her window, and then glancing up and down the street retired into a gateway and were hidden in the shadow. With strained and agonized gaze Grace followed them, but could not see them. Presently she saw a third party come along the street, and at the moment when he was opposite the gateway Albert darted out—her head swam, and millions of stars seemed gleaming before her eyes, but still she beheld with fearful distinctness all that followed; and then, with a groan of anguish, she fell fainting on the floor.

When Grace recovered from that painful swoon her first thought was that she had died and awak-



"Our Engagement is at an End."

ened in Hades. Surely, oh, God! this could not be the happy world in which she had seen not one cloud but a few short hours before. She rose and tottered over to the bed, and there she lay for the long weary hours before the dawn, cold, heart-sore and sleepless.

And this was the man she had so tenderly loved? False to her and—

She dared not think of the rest; her brain whirled, and she felt like madness when that scene returned to her. Vainly she tried to think it was all a hideous nightmare. She would have given worlds to have proved—to have even believed it so. Impossible! It was a crushing reality. The gas still burned, never having been turned down since she entered her room; and she lay, dressed as she had been all that happy evening before—the rose-colored dress he had admired all crushed, and the pretty head-dress he had himself brought her crumpled and spoiled. But the bright, happy heart she had carried up with her from the little parlor was ruined worse than all—never, never could it come back to her—broken, bleeding, dying it lay in her heavy bosom, and she felt as though it had been exchanged for a stone.

But the morning came. The bright sunshine streamed into the room, and shamed the gas-light; and Grace rose from the bed where she had never before passed an unquiet night. Something must be done; she had loved this man, and she dare not betray him; she must keep that awful secret within her own breast, and none must guess that it was hidden there. She bathed her pallid face and swollen eyelids in cologne, and exchanged her last night's attire for a pretty morning toilette; but all her efforts could not conceal the ravages of that one night of sleepless pain. She had been too blooming and rosy to pass unquestioned when she presented herself at the breakfast table, listless, pale and haggard.

"Why, Grace, dear, are you ill?" was the first question that greeted her.

"No, mama."

"Something ails you, child. You look dreadfully. I hope you and Albert haven't been quarrelling."

Grace gasped, and thought she would choke in speaking the next words. With all her strength she strove to be calm and emotionless.

"Indeed, no, mama. We parted the best of friends. But I didn't have a good night's rest, and you know I can't live without sleep."

"And why should you sleep badly, Grace? You have no evil conscience to keep you awake?"

Grace tried to laugh, but sank into a chair with a ghastly expression.

"I hope the coffee's very strong, mama. Won't you please give me a cup—now—this minute. I think it will do me good."

Mrs. Farnham passed the cup of coffee without farther remark, and Grace gulped it down at the risk of scalding and choking herself.

Unable to appear like her natural self, Grace at last acknowledged that she was not well, and on that plea spent the greater part of the day in her own room. It was a relief to escape the gaze of anxious friends, although the task she had set herself was a hard one. But it was impossible after what she had seen that ever she could be the wife of Edmonds, so with a dreary heart she selected all the little gifts—the pretty little trinkets he had given her, and she shuddered as she thought how they might have been procured.

At last the long day drew to a close; and in the evening she was summoned to the parlor to meet her lover. She went down, carrying in her hand a little casket containing every gift she had received from him. Her father was in the room, and she was obliged to meet Edmonds with an affection of her usual manner; but she was a poor hand at dissimulation, and he saw at once that something was the trouble.

"Why, Mr. Farnham," he said, "you didn't say that Grace was ill. Poor little girl! What is the matter?"

Grace could not command her voice sufficiently to answer, and fortunately her father came to her assistance.

"Grace was ill in the morning, but I think she feels better now. I meant to have told you so, and that reminds me I called at your rooms, but was told you hadn't been home last night at all."

Grace gave a wild look at the face she had so loved to gaze upon, and saw that Edmonds betrayed evident confusion, though he rallied immediately.

"No," he replied, "I didn't go home last night; and he said no more."

To Grace this was only further proof, had any been needed, of the scene she had witnessed the night before.

Mr. Farnham left the parlor shortly after; and Grace allowed the door just time to close after him when she arose, and with a firm manner, although an unsteady voice, said:

"Our engagement is at an end, Albert. I forgive you for the pain you have caused me, and now we will part for ever. Here is the little casket containing all your gifts. I return them with all the vows of love you have made to me, and I pray God to forgive you as I do."

She held the casket towards him with averted face, for she could not look upon him.

He did not take it, nor for some moments did he make any reply; at last he spoke in a low suppressed tone:

"Grace, I have heard you without interruption, because I was so completely thunderstruck that I couldn't command my voice, and now will you oblige me by some explanation of this scene. I will not allow myself to feel angry. There's some mistake here. Sit down, and tell me what you mean."

He laid his hands upon her shoulders, and gently forced her down into her seat. In vain she attempted to be firm, and angry; she only burst into a flood of tears, and letting the casket

fall from her hands she covered her face, and gave way to her sorrow.

"Oh, Albert—Albert—you have broken my heart," she sobbed; "but I know all, and it is useless to act the hypocrite, for you can no longer deceive me."

"Grace, this language is insulting."

"Ah, me! It is true, and that's worse."

"What does this mean? You shall explain your words."

"I will explain nothing—you insult me by this affectation of innocence; I am too gentle, but I did so love you. Go—go—leave me for ever! I saw you last night. I saw the whole affair; you might have guessed it would be dangerous to stop opposite my window," she added with a touch of sarcasm.

"Grace, have lost your senses?" said Albert, becoming angry. "I haven't the faintest idea what you mean."

Grace looked at him with an expression of horror. Such brazen effrontery appalled her; it also disgusted her.

"Dear heaven! And this is the man I loved!" she said. "Go away—go away, sir; leave me!"

"I will leave you, Grace, and you may thank yourself for it. It isn't in human patience to bear what I have received from you to-night. I never will enter this house again till you send for me, and so, good-bye;" and with a slight bow he left the room with a haughty step.

It soon became known in the family—though Grace only told her mother—that all was over between her and Albert; and it was pretty generally conjectured among friends and acquaintances, for never was seen such a sudden and complete change as came over the once blooming, rose-cheeked and bright-eyed Grace Farnham. She grew paler day by day, and wasted to a shadow, and all the medical aid procured by fond parents was useless. An entire change of scene was at last prescribed as the only thing likely to restore her; and after much persuasion, Grace consented to pay a visit to a cousin living among the New Hampshire hills.

It was now three months since that last interview with Albert, and though she had seen him once or twice since, they had exchanged neither word nor salutation since that night. It was now the first day of Spring, and the beauty of the country through which she was whirled along, the glowing loveliness of the valley of Connecticut, and as she approached Littleton, the view of the hills in the distance filled her with admiration, that for a time made her forget all else. Her father, who was familiar with the country, pointed out all its beauties, and seeing with pleasure the effect it had upon her, he used all his information to entertain his pale little girl, and make the journey pleasant. At the station Mr. Farnham found his brother and a carriage waiting for them; and as they were driven towards his house, some miles in the country, the gentle April breezes, and the delicious odor of the grass did more to restore the roses to Grace's cheeks, Mr. Farnham declared, than all the doctor's stuff she had taken. He congratulated himself, however, that she had not made the same discovery at the station that he had, for after arranging her comfortably in the carriage, he stepped back into the waiting-room for a heavy shawl that had been left there, and felt certain that he saw Albert Edmonds leaving by the opposite door, in company with a handsome, stylish woman, who was leaning on his arm.

Mr. Farnham remained but a few days with his daughter, and then left her under the new regimen.

Grace had not been in New Hampshire more than a month before the desired effect began to show itself; either the violence of her sorrow was worn out, or new scenery, conversation and occupation had tended to obliterate it, for she became merry, rosy and almost happy again. Still she was not altogether cured; the wound still pained her, and now and then when she came across some mention of her false lover in her brother's letters it bled afresh.

One evening early in May, after reading the last letter received from home, she was sitting alone in her room, sadly musing. She had retired for the night, and when she found herself by the window thinking of Albert, she was irresistibly reminded of another sad evening when she had been so employed. It was a mild, sweet night; she had no lamp, but the moonlight streaming in through the half-open window made the room light as day. There is a certain melancholy pleasure in living over again the happiness we feel has for ever departed, and Grace made no effort to control her thoughts, letting them wander at will over the memory of joyous meetings and interviews with the lover lost to her for ever. Suddenly the murmur of voices interrupted her reverie, and with a feeling of curiosity she leaned out of the window. Her uncle's house was in a quiet and lonely part of the country, and she felt certain all the family had retired. Who could it be, then, that was abroad at that hour? At first she saw nothing but the moonlit road, the shadows of the fences, and the roses not yet in bloom. But presently out of the shadow of the house two people emerged into the moonlight.

Those figures! Could she ever forget either? They were engraven on her heart by keen sorrow and shame. Yes, it was Albert, and with him, leaning on his arm as she had seen her four months before, the same handsome, bold-looking woman. Now, as then, she was listening eagerly to something he was saying, and with a pang of jealousy—for she loved him still—Grace saw how his head was bent towards her; how eagerly and tenderly he spoke to her. She could not see his face, but she could well guess the expression of it; and how well she knew that stately, well-knit figure. She covered her face with her hands, and then suddenly springing up with a wild exclamation, wonder, hope and dismay blended in her tone, she darted over to her writing-desk, drew forth a let-

ter, and keeping it clutched in her hand, with the other lighted her lamp, and then with trembling fingers unfolded the paper and looked over it. It was from her brother, and on the second page was a sentence which she read over and over, as though fascinated by the words, yet they were simple enough:

"By-the-way, Grace," it read, "I called to-day on Albert Edmonds—I have always remained friends with him, you know, notwithstanding your mysterious quarrel. I'm sorry to say the poor fellow has had a sad accident—he fell through a trapdoor in the store, that some unlucky chance left open, and has broken his leg. The doctor says he won't be able to move for six weeks. He seems in very low spirits, and do you know, your heartless little coquette, I think he's grieving about you."

Now every time that Grace read this paragraph she paused a moment to ask herself:

"If Albert is lying ill at home, unable to move, how have I seen him to-night, in company with that woman, under my window?"

At last a sudden effulgence of light spread over her face, radiating it like the eastern sky when the sun has risen, and again and again she kissed the letter in her hand as a mother might kiss a lost child restored to her after hope was gone.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" were her words, when at last she could speak. "What a crazy fool I have made myself. Shall I ever be forgiven? Can I ever forgive myself? How dared I refuse him an explanation when he asked it? My foolish, self-sufficient pride! I am punished for it, and I deserve it. But he'll forgive him. Oh, how ashamed I am. I'll never dare to tell him the injustice I have done him—the cruel insult of my wicked thoughts, and I who loved him so—and yet it seemed the evidence of my eyes—it was so strange—so wonderful!"

And all the time that these disconnected words were pouring from the full heart of little Grace Farnham, she was bustling about the room, collecting stray articles of dress, folding them and packing them into her trunk which stood ready to receive them. But how gay and sparkling she felt all the time; and it seemed a pleasure to heap on herself the most odious reproaches.

At last everything was packed, and the trunk was locked and strapped, and Grace glanced round to see if all was ready for departure in the morning, for she had instantly determined to leave for home in the first train of next morning. No further need for New Hampshire scenery and cookery, and country air—she was completely cured.

At first she couldn't sleep with joy; but at last, towards morning, she fell into a deep, delightful slumber, and dreamed till eight o'clock of all imaginable bridecakes and white favors.

If Albert would only forgive her she would let no further time go by—she would not leave opportunity for the chance of another mistake.

There was consternation in the family when Grace announced her intention of leaving them that morning. But entreaties fell on a deaf ear—go she would, and go she did. And that same evening there was surprise at Mr. Farnham's at the unexpected return of Grace; but also delight, for it was evident she had got rid of all her trouble—that no mysterious sadness any longer weighed down her spirits, or covered her bright face with a veil of ashen pallor.

"George," said Grace, drawing her brother aside before she had been home an hour, "you must take me to Albert's room instantly. I've made such a dreadful mistake!"

"But, Gracie dear—"

"There's no use in refusing me, George. I'll go alone if you do; but I must and shall see Albert before another day."

"Very well, you little whirlwind, since there's no stemming you, I suppose I must go along with the current."

Grace thanked him with a sudden shower of kisses, and a declaration that he was her dearest, best of brothers!

A short time later the brother and sister found themselves in the sickroom of young Edmonds. He didn't evince surprise at seeing Grace, but took her hand with a quiet and friendly grasp. "I knew you would come some time, Grace," he said.

"Forgive me, dear Albert," said Grace, trembling and with tears. "I have been cruelly wrong, and I scarcely dare tell you how. No, George, don't leave us; I want you to hear me also."

She paused, scarcely knowing how to proceed, and then burst forth:

"Albert, the last night that we parted in kindness and love I made what I thought a horrible discovery that would for ever separate us. Sitting at my window about half an hour after you were gone, I saw a man and woman pass up the street, and then crept themselves in a gateway opposite our house. I could have made oath that the man was you, Albert; almost immediately a third party passed, and I saw this man—whom I took for you—jump out, assault him, overcome and rob him, and then, in company with the woman, disappear."

"Upon my word I'm much obliged, Grace," interrupted Albert, turning scarlet, "and so you believed me a midnight robber?"

"Don't be so angry, Albert. It was the most extraordinary resemblance—if he were here now I don't believe I would be able to tell you apart at first glance."

"Most unpleasant things, these doubles," said George, who could not see the whole thing in any but a humorous light. "I declare I wouldn't like to have one addicted to such little freaks as appropriating other people's valuables, and so forth."

"And then, Albert, you remember you told papa that you hadn't been home all that night; and you seemed confused too—and—and—"

"I see. And that seemed to give a deeper coloring to my supposed guilt. I was a little confused. I had spent that night with a legal friend, who was also a friend of your father's, in drawing out title deeds to a pretty house I intended pre-

senting you on your wedding day. I had a momentary suspicion that Mr. Farnham had discovered my little plot and perhaps spoiled my surprise, so—"

"Oh, Albert!"

"You're a sweet girl, Grace," exclaimed George, at this point; "if this is what they call woman's love I hope I may never have any closer experience of it."

Poor Grace was already overcome with grief and mortification, and answered between sobs:

"Don't you be so hard on me, George; after all it isn't your affair, and I've suffered enough, I'm sure."

Albert was melted in a moment.

"Keep quiet, you George—you don't understand anything about girls."

"Thank Heaven!" Master George ejaculated, fervently.

"Never mind him, Gracie; I'm much too happy to care for what he says. And now just tell me how you satisfied yourself as to my identity. I own to be a little curious on that point."

Grace related what the reader already knows.

"I wonder who it can be?" mused Albert, when she had concluded; "and where he'll turn up next?"

That last "wonder" was answered thus:

A week later Mr. Farnham received a letter from his brother, congratulating himself that Grace had left them in time to avoid being frightened by a most daring attempt to rob the house on the very night after her departure. The thief had been caught in the act, and was now in the county jail; and the letter concluded: "the rascal bears the most astonishing resemblance to the young fellow I met at your house last winter."

When young Farnham read this he insisted on taking a run down to Littleton just to see this mysterious double of Albert's. The resemblance at first sight was so great that George was perfectly confounded, and no longer wondered at his sister's mistake.

But on closer examination Mr. Joe Perkins had a much heavier face than Albert; his eyes were brown, and one of them had a slight squint; but in height, bearing and general appearance, the likeness was very dangerous.

George returned in time to attend at his sister's wedding; and congratulated his brother-in-law, who was still obliged to move on crutches, "that the other fellow had been sentenced to State Prison; and I advise you, Albert," he added, "to keep lame, unless your leg insists on getting quite well; for you will need some very palpable disfigurement to keep that fellow from getting you into trouble, if ever he gets out."

Albert's leg did insist on being quite recovered; but "that fellow," poor wretch! never got him into any trouble, as he died in prison long before his term had expired.

TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE ELEPHANT.

ELEPHANTS not only obey their keeper when present, but some which are well trained will, even in his absence, perform extraordinary works. A French gentleman tells us, that on one occasion he saw two powerful elephants engaged in beating down a wall, for which hard work they were promised some fruit and brandy, elephants being very partial to spirituous liquors. These elephants did not work separately, but united their efforts, using their trunks in a very effective way, which were protected from injury by thick coverings of leather; they thrust them at the same instant against the strongest part of the wall, producing violent and reiterated shocks, while they carefully watched the effects of their blows. As soon as it was evident that the wall was in a falling condition they made together one powerful effort, and in an instant both drew back that they might not be injured, when, immediately after, the whole wall came thundering to the ground.

To the honor of the sagacious animals, we may add that they are very grateful for kindness shown to them. A soldier at one of Indian forts was accustomed to give a small portion of his rum to one of them every day. Having on one occasion taken too much of it himself, he became exceedingly intoxicated, and was discovered by an officer in this condition. For this breach of discipline he was ordered to be seized and carried to the guardroom. The delinquent, perceiving several soldiers pursuing him, became alarmed, and in his terror took refuge under the very elephant he was accustomed to treat, and immediately fell asleep. The soldiers in vain endeavored to drag him from this asylum; the elephant would not allow it; and whenever the attempt was renewed fought furiously, and defended the sleeping man with his trunk.

The consequence was that the soldiers withdrew, and left their comrade, without further interruption, to his slumbers. After a few hours, however, he awoke, and great was his terror when he found himself underneath the enormous animal. The elephant seemed to be aware of his alarm, and instantly dissipated his fears by caressing and fondling him with his trunk; thus testifying his gratitude for the soldier's kindness.

On another occasion a different mode of treatment produced different results. An elephant's driver having received some coconuts, wished to break one, and very thoughtlessly struck it twice against the upper part of the elephant's head. He accomplished his object, and probably soon forgot the means he had adopted to crack the nut. The elephant, however, was not not so oblivious, for the day after, being brought into the street containing various shops, and among them one in which coconuts were for sale, he instantly seized one in his trunk, beat it against the driver's head, and killed him on the spot by the severity of his blows; showing that if gratitude is cherished by elephants, revenge also is not forgotten. Many other examples both of the gratitude and revenge of these animals might be given.

DINER AS AN EDUCATOR.—You will find that a good deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, sociable and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence, the intelligence and the refinement and the appropriate behavior of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully got hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

READY FOR DUTY.

BY MISS WARNER.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter
chains—
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering
rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her
heart,

"It's time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard
frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds over-
head,

The trees all looked dead;
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would
not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working
away;

"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!"

"I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began!"

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's
dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

THE LESSON OF AN EVENING.

BY MRS. SYKES.

LULA LANSING stood before a tall mirror in
her boudoir, one winter evening, adjusting a rose
in her hair. She was a maiden of rare charms;
and as she stood there in her beautiful garb of
white and pink, delicately and almost imperceptibly
spangled with silvery threads among the wavy
folds; with her soft cheek glowing in damask
loveliness; her bright eye beaming with health
and happiness; her little hand, set off at the wrist
with a golden bracelet, delicately intertwining
the rose's stem amid the sunny curls of her hair—
now inserting the tip of a dainty finger beneath
the surface, now gently patting the flower with
the soft, white palm—her lovely neck, turned to
the most unerring shade of perfection, bent a little
on one side; her coral lips a breath apart, reveal-
ing a white row of purest teeth within the sacred
portal; she seemed a model for a painter to look
upon, and, looking, feast his artist soul.

Near her was a maiden whose plainer garb and
less polished air bespoke the domestic, yet, in
whose face one could not fail to note an expression
of gentle goodness such as one seldom meets, even
among the choicest of the sex. She stood gazing
with affectionate admiration upon her little mis-
tress, awaiting any motion by which the maiden
might express a wish for her assistance.

The room was one that denoted it the abode of
wealth and elegance. Nothing was wanting in the
apartment that could give comfort, luxury and
beauty their pleasantest garb. From the fine pic-
ture that hung in frame of massive gold, to the
tortoiseshell cat that purred itself to sleep, with
grateful drone, upon the velvet rug before the
blazing grate, all denoted the presence of the
master wealth, and the mistress elegance.

"There, Mary," said the fair girl, as she turned
from the mirror to her companion, "can it be
better?"

"No, Lula, it cannot," was the reply; "nothing
could be sweeter than your appearance now. If
you sought it, I am sure you could bring all Bos-
ton to your feet, to see for your smiles. But your
glory, I know—and I am thankful to know it—is
not to win the applause and admiration of the
general eye. Your object has a nobleness in it,
in seeking to only gladden the eyes of Preston
Lowville. There could be no beauty too rare for
such good and gentle eyes as his. How I rejoice
in the chance that brought him to your suit! It
gives me a grateful pride to feel that Lula is sought
by one so noble."

The blush that glowed on Lula's cheek, as her
companion thus praised Preston Lowville, made the
maiden appear still more lovely; and as she gazed
into the blazing fire, and murmured: "He is truly
noble!" her eye was lit by that peculiar gleam
which exquisite happiness and content betrayeth.

Lula Lansing, reader, was not a heroine of such
remarkable traits that she never yielded to the in-
fluences of disappointment, or aught else, suffering
them to ruffle the tranquility of her mind. Keenly
sensitive as was her nature, it would be to deny
the laws of being to say that she was not elated
by praise and affection, and cast down by dis-
appointment or reproof, in an equally sensitive
degree. This, all said, was Lula's greatest fault,
if fault it justly might be deemed. She was too
easily rendered pettish. It was but a result, how-
ever, of her education; and few would have passed
through the course of education she passed
through, and graduated as pure. The only child
of indulgent parents; petted, admired, caressed,
from her infancy to her maidenhood—was it not
indeed strange that her vanity, caprice and selfish-
ness were not her leading attributes? Seldom is
the flower nourished in such a hotbed, as pure,

as healthy-hearted and as sweet, as Lula Lansing
was.

But who was Preston Lowville? Start not,
reader, when I say—a mechanic. I know that the
light of romance may be taken rudely from my
tale by this shocking revelation—yet Preston
Lowville, the favored lover of the peerless Lula
Lansing—the admired of all who admire talent,
grace, courtesy, kindness, honesty and philan-
thropy—the friend of the oppressed and the
enemy of evil doers, was a mechanic, who trimmed
volumes and ruled paper in a bookbindery ten
hours of each day in which he was not otherwise
employed.

It may, however, redeem my narrative in the
estimation of Sir Soft Codfish, from the odor of
hard, red hands, sweaty brows and brawny muscle,
to know that Preston's father had been a pro-
fessional man. And while his health had per-
mitted him to do so pastor Lowville had read from
the Book of Life to as contented and respectable a
congregation as any village of the size of A—
would afford. But, as his frame began to waste
away, and his voice to give forth the hollow sound
of the sepulchre, in his sermons, parson Lowville
turned from his flock, gave his Bible into more
youthful hands, and went, as did his father Adam,
to till the soil, until it should be his time to pass
away.

Shortly after this, Preston, having finished his
academic course, yielded to his father's advice and
entered a bookbindery in Boston, where he soon
became interested in the details of his trade, and
worked as one who loved labor.

Lula and Mary sat awhile, talking by the light
of the blaze in the grate, that shed a cheerful
glitter upon the luxurious furniture of the
chamber, and soon the former descended to the
drawing-room to await her guests.

They came with happy faces and rosy cheeks,
with loud conversation and merry laughter, for
they were all young, intimately acquainted and
thoroughly imbued with that free-heartedness
that shows gentility of a pure quality. The more
polished society is, the less formality there is
in it. This has ever been found true, where
observation has sought for its confirmation or
denial.

It is not my purpose to describe the manner in
which the evening was passed by the party pre-
sent. The description of one such scene will meet
the wants of a score. But as the evening wore
away one or two of the guests noticed a shade of
displeasure resting upon the gentle Lula's coun-
tenance, for which they were at a loss to account.
It vanished quickly, if one of her guests passed a
jest or a pleasant remark with her; but it as
quickly returned a moment after.

We possess the power to explain away the mys-
tery. See where, leaning upon a marble statue
yonder, the fair Lula holds converse with her maid-
companion, Mary.

"What can be the reason of Preston's absence?"
said the fair one, as a frown of dissatisfaction and
impatience clouded her brow. "Can it be possible
that he shrinks from mingling with my associates?
Truly he is most unreasonable to allow such a
foolish modesty to cause me so much pain. See
how unhappy I am, how uncourteous to my guests,
how rude in spite of myself, when, truth knows, I
am most anxious to make those around me happy.
It is now nearly ten o'clock, and his tardy footsteps
are not yet heard. I am ready to blame him for
his thoughtlessness."

"Lula," uttered Mary, respectfully yet earnestly,
as her mistress paused, thus seeming to invite
reply, "I am sorry to see you so unhappy to-night.
Trust me, my lady, there is some good reason for
Preston's absence. I have known him, as you
know, ever since his father found me, a little girl,
weeping beside my dead mother's couch, and took
me to his home; and I speak confidently, Lula,
when I say that I know his absence has some other
cause than that false modesty you would impute
to him—not one shade of which ever passed over
his noble nature. No, Lula, Preston is not abashed
in any presence. I have seen him enough to know."

To her maid's enthusiastic speech Lula made no
reply. She wandered off among her guests, her
heart ill at ease the while, and her eye turning
often towards the door, in the hope that it might
be greeted with the sight of Preston's manly form,
but in vain.

It was not long ere the unhappy Lula found her-
self again petulantly pouring her impatient mur-
mur into the ever gentle Mary's ear.

"It is provoking!" was her almost angry ex-
pression as she turned away and passed to the
window. She disappeared within the folds of the
heavy curtain, and pressed her heated brow against
the cool panes of polished glass.

It was bitter cold without. A biting wind
soughed through the streets, slamming shutters
and rattling at sashes, while the clear, bright
moon shed its rays upon the snowy paths, render-
ing the street almost as light as day. Suddenly
Lula's gaze was riveted by beholding, stretched
at length in the pathway below her, the form of a
child. It was her first impulse to rush out and see
who she might be, when her eye chanced to be
caught by a manly form which came rapidly down
the street, on the opposite side. In the shade she
could not distinguish who it was, yet something in
the gait arrested her attention. In a moment it
had reached a point directly opposite, and paused;
then came swiftly forward, as if bent for the pros-
trate child.

Lula's eye brightened, and her heart beat
quicker, as she recognised Preston Lowville! The
youth came up to the little girl, raised her in his
arms, and, without a word, passed rapidly up
the street with his burden.

It was but the work of a moment for Lula to
glide from the folds of the curtain, to seek the
nook where Mary sat, to take her arm, and lead
her quickly away, without disturbing the merriment
of her guests, nor attracting their attention. Arrived
in a room adjoining the hall, Lula said:

"Mary, put on your hood and cloak; quick;
and come with me. I have seen him!"

"Who?" said Mary, quietly, proceeding, at the
same time, unhesitatingly to do as she was bid-
den.

"Preston Lowville," was Lula's reply, as she
hastily arrayed herself in garments befitting the
wintry night, and called forth, followed by Mary.
"It is rash, Mary, I know," said she, as they
emerged into the street; "but something tells
me that I must follow Preston, if I would learn
that which will be for my own good."

Silently, but much surprised and wondering,
Mary hastened after her mistress, who sped over
the pavement as if gifted with the wings of the
wind, until, as they turned a corner, Lula slacken-
ed her pace, turned to her companion, and said:

"Do you see him?"

"Where?"

"Yonder; that dusky shadow is his; he has a
burden; we must see what becomes of it."

They had not long to follow him. Preston soon
turned into short alley which branched off from
the main street, and ended against a brick wall;
and as the two maidens also turned the corner, a
moment after, they beheld him enter a hovel at
the roadside, and close the door after him.

"I have hardly the courage to go farther,
Lula," said Mary, with a quibbled and tremulous
voice. "Had we not better return?"

"Return?" said the maiden, as a strange fire
gleamed in her blue eye; "return? No! Where
Preston Lowville leads on, Lula Lansing
is not afraid to follow!" and the excited lass
advancing, tapped at the door which had closed
upon Preston.

A weak female voice answered:

"Who is there?"

And almost in the same breath Preston's manly
voice said:

"Come in!"

And Lula lifted the latch and entered.

Preston arose in astonishment! Lula paused,
equally astonished, to view the scene before her,
while Mary closed the door and stood in the
shade.

Before a dilapidated fireplace, in which now
burned a ruddy flame, lay the burden, Walter had
evidently just deposited there; and in a corner
near, on a low bed, reclined the corpse of a man
whose earthly light had evidently just turned out,
with a smile upon his features, and an open Bible
lying on the bed by his side. This bed, a table, a
chair and a stool, constituted the furniture of the
room.

"Can it be possible," said the astonished young
man, "that I behold Lula Lansing?"

"It is possible," Lula gently replied.

"But what brought you here, Lula?" asked
Preston, stepping forward, and seating her in a
chair. "I am surprised beyond measure."

"And well, in truth, you may be, Preston," said
the maiden, now for the first time seemingly
appreciating the strangeness of her position. "I
can hardly myself tell what Providence led me to
this poverty-stricken abode. But, seeing you
bear a child from before my father's door, I was
moved to follow you; and I find you acting the
part of the good Samaritan, while I was complain-
ing, in my comfortable parlors, of your neglect! How
abashed am I to find that in neglecting me
you were ministering to the wants of those who
are a silent rebuke to me for my thoughtless
selfishness. Had I known your presence in this
home of misery, oh! what would have won from
me a word of complaint?"

A tear stood in the gentle girl's eye which at-
tested the sincerity of her words. She had learned
a lesson.

And by-and-bye, when they walked home to-
gether, Lula begged her Preston again to forgive
her; and he answered:

"Yes, Lula, as my wife, you are forgiven."

The white dove of happiness nestled warmly in
Lula's bosom for the rest of that blissful evening;
but the lesson was not forgotten.

ACTION AT PINE KNOB, GA.

Death of the Rebel Gen. Polk.

On the morning of the 14th of June Gen.
Hooker advanced the 2d division of the 20th corps,
under Gen. Geary, to a position opposite to that occupied
by the rebels, under Lieut.-Gen. Polk, who were strongly
entrenched on the side of an eminence called Pine Knob,
but finding it almost impossible to dislodge them by an
infantry assault, Knapp's Veteran Pennsylvania battery
was brought up, and after an engagement which lasted
six hours, compelled the enemy to evacuate the position
amid the shouts of our men.

During the action a party of officers, evidently of high
rank, were seen in a work at the summit. A battery
below fired at the group but missed. Knapp's battery
then fired, and, from the confusion, evidently sent a
fatal shot.

The next day they learned that the rebel Lieut.-Gen.
Polk, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, was
struck by a ball, which went right through his body,
killing him on the spot.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND IN 1864.

We give in this issue sketches of the invasion
of Maryland in 1864. This brief campaign is in some
respects one of the most remarkable movements of the
war, from its boldness, the force employed, the skill
with which it drove back or avoided our miserably
scattered troops in the Shenandoah and bore steadily down
on Washington, till Wallace, with his handful, gave them
such a lesson on the banks of the Monocacy that they
recalled, halted, paused and lost all their advantage.
Yet they were across the Potomac with an army well-
nigh equal in numbers to that of Beauregard at Bull
Run, and far superior to his in material, led by experi-
enced Generals, and with nothing of a commensurate
force before them. Washington and Baltimore, isolated
by their cavalry from the North, could not be relieved
for some days by land; the Florida made it dangerous to
send by water. Yet in one battle, Gen. Lewis Wallace,
sustaining a defeat, which in the nature of things was
unavoidable, so broke their impetus that the tide rolled
harmlessly away, and the veterans of the South becom-
ing by an easy transition, horse-thieves and cattle-robbers,
drove off their plunder in haste. Even the greatest cap-

tures of the raid escaped from them, Maj.-Gen. Franklin
and Brig.-Gen. Tyler.

Our large illustration gives a picture of the mode of
plunder; the cattle, horses, sheep are driven on, followed
by the Conestoga wagons taken from the farmers and
filled with all the useful and useless plunder seized by
soldiers on such forays; for in the excitement the valiant
man of war does not always recollect the uses of things,
and a soldier has been seen carrying for miles a wash-
board stolen from a farmer's house, when a shirt off his
line would have been a luxury that he had not enjoyed
for months.

After the defeat of Gen. Wallace some parties of the
rebels, or Maryland sympathizers, burnt several bridges
on the Northern Central railroad, connecting Baltimore
with Yorkhaven, and among others that over Gunpowder
river, at Magnolia, 19 miles from Baltimore. After
burning this bridge the rebels, under Gilmer, lay in
wait for trains, and on the 11th captured train No. 17 of
the Baltimore and Ohio road, killing the fireman. The
passengers were robbed, several ladies, evidently accom-
plishes of the rebels, pointing out important men.

Gen. Franklin was put into a buggy by Gilmer and
driven across the country to Towson town and Reister-
stown, where they arrived at two o'clock a.m. on the 12th,
and bivouacked for the night. The General, who was
put in charge of Capt. Owen and two guards, lay down
to sleep, as he felt sick and tired. His guards were soon
asleep; and rising, he coughed and made a slight noise
to attract attention, but their slumber was so profound
that he leaped a fence and ran for about three quarters
of an hour till he reached the cover of a wood, where
he hid. He remained in his concealment all the next
day, frequently seeing parties in pursuit of him. At
sunset he ventured out at all risk, and fortunately met
two men with bundles of hay, which they were taking
to their concealed horses. Learning who he was, these
two men dropped their hay and guided him, by a secluded
path, to their house, where he was closely concealed, to
escape the observation of the rebel scouts and secret
neighbors fully as dangerous. On the 13th the farmer
formed his plan for the General's reaching Washington,
and conducted him to a spot where a carriage met him
and drove him into the city, feeling, as he said, "more
free than ever he had felt before in his life."

We trust that our Government will provide at last to
meet these raids. A Department should be formed of
the valley extending from Virginia through Maryland
and Pennsylvania, and placed under a General of skill,
ready resource, prompt and daring. The farmers in
Virginia should be registered as nearly as possible, so
that they should be known and delinquencies punished.
The militia in the Department in Maryland and Pennsylv-
ania should, with the consent of the Governors, be en-
rolled and drilled, and works erected at proper points
to check advances. A good General, with a Department
thus organized, should be able to prevent a raid or
capture the whole force.

JOSEPH LESURQUES.

The case of this unfortunate man has once
more been before the French Chambers, and although
it is 60 years old, has excited much public attention.
It is the most remarkable case of mistaken identity upon
record, and some notice of it may prove interesting to
our readers. He was executed in 1794 for the alleged
crimes of robbing the Lyons mail and murdering the
courier, but under circumstances of doubt and difficulty
which would have rendered his conviction at the pre-
sent time impossible. The case has been made sub-
servient to the purposes of the novelist and the
dramatist both in France and England; but even their
invention could add nothing to the horrible interest of
the naked facts. The tragical history is in the sub-
stance soon told. In 1794 the Lyons mail was robbed
of 54,000 francs (\$2,160) and the courier brutally mur-
dered, and it appears that four persons were concerned
in the crime. Lesurques fell a victim to his close
resemblance to one of the murderers, not only in stature,
in features, and in complexion, but even in certain
marks on the face, on the hand, and on the body. He
was executed, protesting his innocence, and his inno-
cence was also asserted by some of the actual perpetra-
tors of the crime who suffered with him. His property
was confiscated to repay the Treasury for the sum lost,
and his family reduced to beggary. His wife shortly
after committed suicide; his son joined the army and
perished in the snows in Russia. One of his daughters
made a desperate effort to obtain restitution, after the
innocence of the father had been established by the
discovery of the actual murderer, a man of the name of
Duboeq, to whom Lesurques had borne so fatal a
resemblance; but she failed, and drowned herself in
the Seine on the morning after the rejection of her
claims by the Chambers. The second daughter died in
a madhouse.

The claim of restitution has not been permitted to
sleep. Something had been done by previous Govern-
ments, by paying small portions of the indemnity; but
the recent motion, made by the Baron de Jouxé, was
for the restoration of the 50,000 francs, together with
interest since the year 1794. The motion opened up a
discussion on the whole case, and it was eventually
assented to by 113 against 112. For more than 60 years
the law has refused to do a full measure of justice, and
the doing it now will be an act exceedingly popular.

The whole of the proceedings in this case are very in-
structive, showing how fallible in judgment are human
tribunals, but particularly in showing the contrast
between the jurisprudence of France at that time and at
this, and in fact indicating the general improvement in
the administration of the criminal law within this
century. With the evidence adduced upon which
Lesurques was condemned and executed, no court of
law in Europe would now pass the sentence of death,
and certainly such sentence would not be carried into
effect.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Twenty years ago a
gentleman of this city resolved to remove out West, and
started for his destination. In New York he stopped at
a second class hotel, and while there was robbed of his
purse, containing some \$2,000 in gold. In the course
of his peregrinations he was successful and had forgotten
all about his loss, having accumulated a handsome prop-
erty. When the war broke out he was too old to enlist;
but, feeling patriotic, he offered his services to Gen.
Logan, and acted as Quartermaster to a brigade. One
night, on a march, the army arrived at a small town in
southern Alabama, and according to orders he took pos-
session of the inn for general headquarters. While
talking with the landlord he discovered that he formerly
kept a hotel in New York, and upon pressing his in-
quiries, found that he was the identical landlord of the
house in which he had been robbed. In the course of
the evening he arranged a mock court-martial and
brought the landlord before it, charging him, among
other things, with the robbery. Much to his surprise,
the landlord confessed the robbery, and he had his
choice to receive the money or die at sunrise. The man
received his principal, and all the interest the landlord
could afford to pay, in gold, which the gentleman in-
vested in U. S. 7-3-10 notes.

THERE were 411,613 mulatto slaves in the
South in 1860; of whom 69,979 were in Virginia, 43,281
in Kentucky, and 36,900 in Georgia. These numbers
are considerably beyond the legitimate proportion of
those States. There were also 176,739 free mulattoes in
the United States in 1860; of whom 106,770 belonged to
the South, and 69,969 to the Free States. Of the free
mulattoes Virginia contained 23,485, which number,
added to her slave mulattoes, makes a total of 93,824.
Her mulatto slaves alone exceeded the total number of
mulattoes in the Free States. The whole number of
mulattoes, slaves and free, in the Union, in 1860, was
583,352; of whom 69,969 belonged to the Free States,
and 513,383 to the Slave States—a number greater than
the combined white population of Arkansas, Delaware
and Florida—greater than the whole population of Mary-
land, almost twice as great as that of South Carolina,
and twice as great as the combined populations of Delaware
and Florida. The mulatto population of Virginia alone
exceeds the number of whites in Delaware or Florida.

ened in Hades. Surely, oh, God! this could not be the happy world in which she had seen not one cloud but a few short hours before. She rose and tottered over to the bed, and there she lay for the long weary hours before the dawn, cold, heart-sore and sleepless.

And this was the man she had so tenderly loved? False to her and—

She dared not think of the rest; her brain whirled, and she felt like madness when that scene returned to her. Vainly she tried to think it was all a hideous nightmare. She would have given worlds to have proved—to have even believed it so. Impossible! It was a crushing reality. The gas still burned, never having been turned down since she entered her room; and she lay, dressed as she had been all that happy evening before—the rose-colored dress he had admired all crushed, and the pretty head-dress he had himself brought her crumpled and spoiled. But the bright, happy heart she had carried up with her from the little parlor was ruined worse than all—never, never could it come back to her—broken, bleeding, dying it lay in her heavy bosom, and she felt as though it had been exchanged for a stone.

But the morning came. The bright sunshine streamed into the room, and shamed the gas-light; and Grace rose from the bed where she had never before passed an unquiet night. Something must be done; she had loved this man, and she dare not betray him; she must keep that awful secret within her own breast, and none must guess that it was hidden there. She bathed her pallid face and swollen eyelids in cologne, and exchanged her last night's attire for a pretty morning toilette; but all her efforts could not conceal the ravages of that one night of sleepless pain. She had been too blooming and rosy to pass unquestioned when she presented herself at the breakfast table, listless, pale and haggard.

"Why, Grace, dear, are you ill?" was the first question that greeted her.

"No, mama."

"Something ails you, child. You look dreadfully. I hope you and Albert haven't been quarrelling."

Grace gasped, and thought she would choke in speaking the next words. With all her strength she strove to be calm and emotionless.

"Indeed, no, mama. We parted the best of friends. But I didn't have a good night's rest, and you know I can't live without sleep."

"And why should you sleep badly, Grace? You have no evil conscience to keep you awake?" Grace tried to laugh, but sank into a chair with a ghastly expression.

"I hope the coffee's very strong, mama. Won't you please give me a cup—now—this minute. I think it will do me good."

Mrs. Farnham passed the cup of coffee without farther remark, and Grace gulped it down at the risk of scalding and choking herself.

Unable to appear like her natural self, Grace at last acknowledged that she was not well, and on that plea spent the greater part of the day in her own room. It was a relief to escape the gaze of anxious friends, although the task she had set herself was a hard one. But it was impossible after what she had seen that ever she could be the wife of Edmonds, so with a dreary heart she selected all the little gifts—the pretty little trinkets he had given her, and she shuddered as she thought how they might have been procured.

At last the long day drew to a close; and in the evening she was summoned to the parlor to meet her lover. She went down, carrying in her hand a little casket containing every gift she had received from him. Her father was in the room, and she was obliged to meet Edmonds with an affection of her usual manner; but she was a poor hand at dissimulation, and he saw at once that something was the trouble.

"Why, Mr. Farnham," he said, "you didn't say that Grace was ill. Poor little girl! What is the matter?"

Grace could not command her voice sufficiently to answer, and fortunately her father came to her assistance.

"Grace was ill in the morning, but I think she feels better now. I meant to have told you so, and that reminds me I called at your rooms, but was told you hadn't been home last night at all."

Grace gave a wild look at the face she had so loved to gaze upon, and saw that Edmonds betrayed evident confusion, though he rallied immediately.

"No," he replied; "I didn't go home last night; and he said no more."

To Grace this was only further proof, had any been needed, of the scene she had witnessed the night before.

Mr. Farnham left the parlor shortly after; and Grace allowed the door just time to close after him when she arose, and with a firm manner, although an unsteady voice, said:

"Our engagement is at an end, Albert. I forgive you for the pain you have caused me, and now we will part for ever. Here is the little casket containing all your gifts. I return them with all the vows of love you have made to me, and I pray God to forgive you as I do."

She held the casket towards him with averted face, for she could not look upon him.

He did not take it, nor for some moments did he make any reply; at last he spoke in a low suppressed tone:

"Grace, I have heard you without interruption, because I was so completely thunderstruck that I couldn't command my voice, and now will you oblige me by some explanation of this scene. I will not allow myself to feel angry. There's some mistake here. Sit down, and tell me what you mean."

He laid his hands upon her shoulders, and gently forced her down into her seat. In vain she attempted to be firm, and angry; she only burst into a flood of tears, and letting the casket

fall from her hands she covered her face, and gave way to her sorrow.

"Oh, Albert—Albert—you have broken my heart," she sobbed; "but I know all, and it is useless to act the hypocrite, for you can no longer deceive me."

"Grace, this language is insulting."

"Ah, me! It is true, and that's worse."

"What does this mean? You shall explain your words."

"I will explain nothing—you insult me by this affectation of innocence; I am too gentle, but I did so love you. Go—go—leave me for ever! I saw you last night. I saw the whole affair; you might have guessed it would be dangerous to stop opposite my window," she added with a touch of sarcasm.

"Grace, have lost your senses?" said Albert, becoming angry. "I haven't the faintest idea what you mean."

Grace looked at him with an expression of horror. Such brazen effrontery appalled her; it also disgusted her.

"Dear heaven! And this is the man I loved!" she said. "Go away—go away, sir; leave me!"

"I will leave you, Grace, and you may thank yourself for it. It isn't in human patience to bear what I have received from you to-night. I never will enter this house again till you send for me, and so, good-bye!" and with a slight bow he left the room with a haughty step.

It soon became known in the family—though Grace only told her mother—that all was over between her and Albert; and it was pretty generally conjectured among friends and acquaintances, for never was seen such a sudden and complete change as came over the once blooming, rose-cheeked and bright-eyed Grace Farnham. She grew paler day by day, and wasted to a shadow, and all the medical aid procured by fond parents was useless. An entire change of scene was at last prescribed as the only thing likely to restore her; and after much persuasion, Grace consented to pay a visit to a cousin living among the New Hampshire hills.

It was now three months since that last interview with Albert, and though she had seen him once or twice since, they had exchanged neither word nor salutation since that night. It was now the first day of Spring, and the beauty of the country through which she was whirled along, the glowing loveliness of the valley of Connecticut, and as she approached Littleton, the view of the hills in the distance filled her with admiration, that for a time made her forget all else. Her father, who was familiar with the country, pointed out all its beauties, and seeing with pleasure the effect it had upon her, he used all his information to entertain his pale little girl, and make the journey pleasant. At the station Mr. Farnham found his brother and a carriage waiting for them; and as they were driven towards his house, some miles in the country, the gentle April breezes, and the delicious odor of the grass did more to restore the roses to Grace's cheeks, Mr. Farnham declared, than all the doctor's stuff she had taken. He congratulated himself, however, that she had not made the same discovery at the station that he had, for after arranging her comfortably in the carriage, he stepped back into the waiting-room for a heavy shawl that had been left there, and felt certain that he saw Albert Edmonds leaving by the opposite door, in company with a handsome, stylish woman, who was leaning on his arm.

Mr. Farnham remained but a few days with his daughter, and then left her under the new regimen.

Grace had not been in New Hampshire more than a month before the desired effect began to show itself; either the violence of her sorrow was worn out, or new scenery, conversation and occupation had tended to obliterate it, for she became merry, rosy and almost happy again. Still she was not altogether cured; the wound still pained her, and now and then when she came across some mention of her false lover in her brother's letters it bled afresh.

One evening early in May, after reading the last letter received from home, she was sitting alone in her room, sadly musing. She had retired for the night, and when she found herself by the window thinking of Albert, she was irresistibly reminded of another sad evening when she had been so employed. It was a mild, sweet night; she had no lamp, but the moonlight streaming in through the half-open window made the room light as day. There is a certain melancholy pleasure in living over again the happiness we feel has for ever departed, and Grace made no effort to control her thoughts, letting them wander at will over the memory of joyous meetings and interviews with the lover lost to her for ever. Suddenly the murmur of voices interrupted her reverie, and with a feeling of curiosity she leaned out of the window. Her uncle's house was in a quiet and lonely part of the country, and she felt certain all the family had retired. Who could it be, then, that was abroad at that hour? At first she saw nothing but the moonlit road, the shadows of the fences, and the roses not yet in bloom. But presently out of the shadow of the house two people emerged into the moonlight.

Those figures! Could she ever forget either? They were engraven on her heart by keen sorrow and shame. Yes, it was Albert, and with him, leaning on his arm as she had seen her four months before, the same handsome, bold-looking woman. Now, as then, she was listening eagerly to something he was saying, and with a pang of jealousy—for she loved him still—Grace saw how his head was bent towards her; how eagerly and tenderly he spoke to her. She could not see his face, but she could well guess the expression of it; and how well she knew that stately, well-knit figure. She covered her face with her hands, and then suddenly springing up with a wild exclamation, wonder, hope and dismay blended in her tone, she darted over to her writing-desk, drew forth a let-

ter, and keeping it clutched in her hand, with the other lighted her lamp, and then with trembling fingers unfolded the paper and looked over it. It was from her brother, and on the second page was a sentence which she read over and over, as though fascinated by the words, yet they were simple enough:

"By-the-way, Grace," it read, "I called to-day on Albert Edmonds—I have always remained friends with him, you know, notwithstanding your mysterious quarrel. I'm sorry to say the poor fellow has had a sad accident—he fell through a trapdoor in the store, that some unlucky chance left open, and has broken his leg. The doctor says he won't be able to move for six weeks. He seems in very low spirits, and do you know, you heartless little coquette, I think he's grieving about you."

Now every time that Grace read this paragraph she paused a moment to ask herself:

"If Albert is lying ill at home, unable to move, how have I seen him to-night, in company with that woman, under my window?"

At last a sudden effluence of light spread over her face, radiating it like the eastern sky when the sun has risen, and again and again she kissed the letter in her hand as a mother might kiss a lost child restored to her after hope was gone.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" were her words, when at last she could speak. "What a crazy fool I have made myself. Shall I ever be forgiven? Can I ever forgive myself? How dared I refuse him an explanation when he asked it? My foolish, self-sufficient pride! I am punished for it, and I deserve it. But he'll forgive him. Oh, how ashamed I am. I'll never dare to tell him the injustice I have done him—the cruel insult of my wicked thoughts, and I who loved him so—and yet it seemed the evidence of my eyes—it was so strange—so wonderful!"

And all the time that these disconnected words were pouring from the full heart of little Grace Farnham, she was bustling about the room, collecting stray articles of dress, folding them and packing them into her trunk which stood ready to receive them. But how gay and sparkling she felt all the time; and it seemed a pleasure to heap on herself the most odious reproaches.

At last everything was packed, and the trunk was locked and strapped, and Grace glanced round to see if all was ready for departure in the morning, for she had instantly determined to leave for home in the first train of next morning. No further need for New Hampshire scenery and cookery, and country air—she was completely cured.

At first she couldn't sleep with joy; but at last, towards morning, she fell into a deep, delightful slumber, and dreamed till eight o'clock of all imaginable bridecakes and white favors.

If Albert would only forgive her she would let no further time go by—she would not leave opportunity for the chance of another mistake.

There was consternation in the family when Grace announced her intention of leaving them that morning. But entreaties fell on a deaf ear—go she would, and go she did. And that same evening there was surprise at Mr. Farnham's at the unexpected return of Grace; but also delight, for it was evident she had got rid of all her trouble—that no mysterious sadness any longer weighed down her spirits, or covered her bright face with a veil of ashen pallor.

"George," said Grace, drawing her brother aside before she had been home an hour, "you must take me to Albert's room instantly. I've made such a dreadful mistake!"

"But, Grace dear—"

"There's no use in refusing me, George. I'll go alone if you do; but I must and shall see Albert before another day."

"Very well, you little whirlwind, since there's no stemming you, I suppose I must go along with the current."

Grace thanked him with a sudden shower of kisses, and a declaration that he was her dearest, best of brothers!

A short time later the brother and sister found themselves in the sickroom of young Edmonds. He didn't evince surprise at seeing Grace, but took her hand with a quiet and friendly grasp. "I knew you would come some time, Grace," he said.

"Forgive me, dear Albert," said Grace, trembling and with tears. "I have been cruelly wrong, and I scarcely dare tell you how. No, George, don't leave us; I want you to hear me also."

She paused, scarcely knowing how to proceed, and then burst forth:

"Albert, the last night that we parted in kindness and love I made what I thought a horrible discovery that would for ever separate us. Sitting at my window about half an hour after you were gone, I saw a man and woman pass up the street, and then secreted themselves in a gateway opposite our house. I could have made oath that the man was you, Albert; almost immediately a third party passed, and I saw this man—whom I took for you—jump out, assault him, overcome and rob him, and then, in company with the woman, disappear."

"Upon my word I'm much obliged, Grace," interrupted Albert, turning scarlet, "and so you believed me a midnight robber?"

"Don't be so angry, Albert. It was the most extraordinary resemblance—if he were here now I don't believe I would be able to tell you apart at first glance."

"Most unpleasant things, these doubles," said George, who could not see the whole thing in any but a humorous light. "I declare I wouldn't like to have one addicted to such little freaks as appropriating other people's valuables, and so forth."

"And then, Albert, you remember you told papa that you hadn't been home all that night; and you seemed confused too—and—and—"

"I see. And that seemed to give a deeper coloring to my supposed guilt. I was a little confused. I had spent that night with a legal friend, who was also a friend of your father's, in drawing out title deeds to a pretty house I intended pre-

sending you on your wedding day. I had a momentary suspicion that Mr. Farnham had discovered my little plot and perhaps spoiled my surprise, so—"

"Oh, Albert!"

"You're a sweet girl, Grace," exclaimed George, at this point; "if this is what they call woman's love I hope I may never have any closer experience of it."

Poor Grace was already overcome with grief and mortification, and answered between sobs:

"Don't you be so hard on me, George; after all it isn't your affair, and I've suffered enough, I'm sure."

Albert was melted in a moment.

"Keep quiet, you George—you don't understand anything about girls."

"Thank Heaven!" Master George ejaculated, fervently.

"Never mind him, Grace; I'm much too happy to care for what he says. And now just tell me how you satisfied yourself as to my identity. I own to be a little curious on that point."

Grace related what the reader already knows.

"I wonder who it can be?" mused Albert, when she had concluded; "and where he'll turn up next?"

That last "wonder" was answered thus:

A week later Mr. Farnham received a letter from his brother, congratulating himself that Grace had left them in time to avoid being frightened by a most daring attempt to rob the house on the very night after her departure. The thief had been caught in the act, and was now in the county jail; and the letter concluded: "the rascal bears the most astonishing resemblance to the young fellow I met at your house last winter."

When young Farnham read this he insisted on taking a run down to Littleton just to see this mysterious double of Albert's. The resemblance at first sight was so great that George was perfectly confounded, and no longer wondered at his sister's mistake.

But on closer examination Mr. Joe Perkins had a much heavier face than Albert; his eyes were brown, and one of them had a slight squint; but in height, bearing and general appearance, the likeness was very dangerous.

George returned in time to attend at his sister's wedding; and congratulated his brother-in-law, who was still obliged to move on crutches, "that the other fellow had been sentenced to State Prison; and I advise you, Albert," he added, "to keep lame, unless your leg insists on getting quite well; for you will need some very palpable disfigurement to keep that fellow from getting you into trouble, if ever he gets out."

Albert's leg did insist on being quite recovered; but "that fellow," poor wretch! never got him into any trouble, as he died in prison long before his term had expired.

TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE ELEPHANT.

ELEPHANTS not only obey their keeper when present, but some which are well trained will, even in his absence, perform extraordinary works. A French gentleman tells us, that on one occasion he saw two powerful elephants engaged in beating down a wall, for which hard work they were promised some fruit and brandy, elephants being very partial to spirituous liquors. These elephants did not work separately, but united their efforts, using their trunks in a very effective way, which were protected from injury by thick coverings of leather; they thrust them at the same instant against the strongest part of the wall, producing violent and reiterated shocks, while they carefully watched the effects of their blows. As soon as it was evident that the wall was in a falling condition they made together one powerful effort, and in an instant both drew back that they might not be injured, when, immediately after, the whole wall came thundering to the ground.

To the honor of the sagacious animals, we may add that they are very grateful for kindness shown to them. A soldier at one of Indian forts was accustomed to give a small portion of his rum to one of them every day. Having on one occasion taken too much of it himself, he became exceedingly intoxicated, and was discovered by an officer in this condition. For this breach of discipline he was ordered to be seized and carried to the guardroom. The delinquent, perceiving several soldiers pursuing him, became alarmed, and in his terror took refuge under the very elephant he was accustomed to treat, and immediately fell asleep. The soldiers in vain endeavored to drag him from this asylum; the elephant would not allow it; and whenever the attempt was renewed fought furiously, and defended the sleeping man with his trunk.

The consequence was that the soldiers withdrew, and left their comrade, without further interruption, to his slumbers. After a few hours, however, he awoke, and great was his terror when he found himself underneath the enormous animal. The elephant seemed to be aware of his alarm, and instantly dissipated his fears by caressing and fondling him with his trunk; thus testifying his gratitude for the soldier's kindness.

On another occasion a different mode of treatment produced different results. An elephant's driver having received some coconuts, wished to break one, and very thoughtlessly struck it twice against the upper part of the elephant's head. He accomplished his object, and probably soon forgot the means he had adopted to crack the nut. The elephant, however, was not so soon oblivious, for the day after, being brought into the street containing various shops, and among them one in which coconuts were for sale, he instantly seized one in his trunk, beat it against the driver's head, and killed him on the spot by the severity of his blows; showing that if gratitude is cherished by elephants, revenge also is not forgotten. Many other examples both of the gratitude and revenge of these animals might be given.

DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.—You will find that a good deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of allowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, sociable and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an education of the family. Hence, the intelligence and the refinement and the appropriate behavior of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully got hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

READY FOR DUTY.

BY MISS WARNER.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter
chains—
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering
rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her
heart,

"It's time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard
frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds over-
head,

The trees all looked dead;
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would
not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working
away;

"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!"

"I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began!

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's
dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

THE LESSON OF AN EVENING.

BY MRS. SYKES.

LULA LANSING stood before a tall mirror in
her boudoir, one winter evening, adjusting a rose
in her hair. She was a maiden of rare charms;
and as she stood there in her beautiful garb of
white and pink, delicately and almost imperceptibly
spangled with silvery threads among the wavy
folds; with her soft cheek glowing in damask
loveliness; her bright eye beaming with health
and happiness; her little hand, set off at the wrist
with a golden bracelet, delicately intertwining
the rose's stem amid the sunny curls of her hair—
now inserting the tip of a dainty finger beneath
the surface, now gently patting the flower with
the soft, white palm—her lovely neck, turned to
the most unerring shade of perfection, bent a little
on one side; her coral lips a breath apart, reveal-
ing a white row of purest teeth within the sacred
portal; she seemed a model for a painter to look
upon, and, looking, feast his artist soul.

Near her was a maiden whose plainer garb and
less polished air bespoke the domestic, yet, in
whose face one could not fail to note an expression
of gentle goodness such as one seldom meets, even
among the choicest of the sex. She stood gazing
with affectionate admiration upon her little mis-
tress, awaiting any motion by which the maiden
might express a wish for her assistance.

The room was one that denoted it the abode of
wealth and elegance. Nothing was wanting in the
apartment that could give comfort, luxury and
beauty their pleasantest garb. From the fine pic-
ture that hung in frame of massive gold, to the
tortoiseshell cat that purled itself to sleep, with
grateful drone, upon the velvet rug before the
blazing grate, all denoted the presence of the
master wealth, and the mistress elegance.

"There, Mary," said the fair girl, as she turned
from the mirror to her companion, "can it be
bettered?"

"No, Lula, it cannot," was the reply; "nothing
could be sweeter than your appearance now. If
you sought it, I am sure you could bring all Bos-
ton to your feet, to sue for your smiles. But your
glory, I know—and I am thankful to know it—is
not to win the applause and admiration of the
general eye. Your object has a nobleness in it,
in seeking to only gladden the eyes of Preston
Lowville. There could be no beauty too rare for
such good and gentle eyes as his. How I rejoice
in the chance that brought him to your suit! It
gives me a grateful pride to feel that Lula is sought
by one so noble."

The blush that glowed on Lula's cheek, as her
companion thus praised Preston Lowville, made the
maiden appear still more lovely; and as she gazed
into the blazing fire, and murmured: "He is truly
noble!" her eye was lit by that peculiar gleam
which exquisite happiness and content betrayeth.

Lula Lansing, reader, was not a heroine of such
remarkable traits that she never yielded to the in-
fluences of disappointment, or aught else, suffering
them to ruffle the tranquility of her mind. Keenly
sensitive as was her nature, it would be to deny
the laws of feeling to say that she was not elated
by praise and affection, and cast down by dis-
appointment or reproach, in an equally sensitive
degree. This, all said, was Lula's greatest fault,
if fault it justly might be deemed. She was too
easily rendered pettish. It was but a result, how-
ever, of her education; and few would have passed
through the course of education she passed
through, and graduated as pure. The only child
of indulgent parents; petted, admired, caressed,
from her infancy to her maidenhood—was it not
indeed strange that her vanity, caprice and selfish-
ness were not her leading attributes? Seldom is
the flower nourished in such a hotbed, as pure,

as healthy-hearted and as sweet, as Lula Lansing
was.

But who was Preston Lowville? Start not,
reader, when I say—a mechanic. I know that the
light of romance may be taken rudely from my
tale by this shocking revelation—yet Preston
Lowville, the favored lover of the peerless Lula
Lansing—the admired of all who admire talent,
grace, courtesy, kindness, honesty and philan-
thropy—the friend of the oppressed and the
enemy of evil doers, was a mechanic, who trimmed
volumes and ruled paper in a bookbindery ten
hours of each day in which he was not otherwise
employed.

It may, however, redeem my narrative in the
estimation of Sir Soft Coddish, from the odor of
hard, red hands, sweaty brows and brawny muscle,
to know that Preston's father had been a pro-
fessional man. And while his health had permit-
ted him to do so pastor Lowville had read from
the Book of Life to as contented and respectable a
congregation as any village of the size of A—
would afford. But, as his frame began to waste
away, and his voice to give forth the hollow sound
of the sepulchre, in his sermons, parson Lowville
turned from his flock, gave his Bible into more
youthful hands, and went, as did his father Adam,
to till the soil, until it should be his time to pass
away.

Shortly after this, Preston, having finished his
academic course, yielded to his father's advice and
entered a bookbindery in Boston, where he soon
became interested in the details of his trade, and
worked as one who loved labor.

Lula and Mary sat awhile, talking by the light
of the blaze in the grate, that shed a cheerful
glimmer upon the luxurious furniture of the
chamber, and soon the former descended to the
drawing-room to await her guests.

They came with happy faces and rosy cheeks,
with loud conversation and merry laughter, for
they were all young, intimately acquainted and
thoroughly imbued with that free-heartedness
that shows gentility of a pure quality. The more
polished the society is, the less formality there is
in it. This has ever been found true, where
observation has sought for its confirmation or
denial.

It is not my purpose to describe the manner in
which the evening was passed by the party pre-
sent. The description of one such scene will meet
the wants of a score. But as the evening wore
away one or two of the guests noticed a shade of
displeasure resting upon the gentle Lula's coun-
tenance, for which they were at a loss to account.
It vanished quickly, if one of her guests passed a
jest or a pleasant remark with her; but it as
quickly returned a moment after.

We possess the power to explain away the mys-
tery. See where, leaning upon a marble statue
yonder, the fair Lula holds converse with her maid-
companion, Mary.

"What can be the reason of Preston's absence?"
said the fair one, as a frown of dissatisfaction and
impatience clouded her brow. "Can it be possible
that he shrinks from mingling with my associates?
Truly he is most unreasonable to allow such a
foolish modesty to cause me so much pain. See
how unhappy I am, how uncourteous to my guests,
how rude in spite of myself, when, truth knows, I
am most anxious to make those around me happy!
It is now nearly ten o'clock, and his tardy footsteps
are not yet heard. I am ready to blame him for
his thoughtlessness."

"Lula," uttered Mary, respectfully yet earnestly,
as her mistress paused, thus seeming to invite
reply, "I am sorry to see you so unhappy to-night.
Trust me, my lady, there is some good reason for
Preston's absence. I have known him, as you
know, ever since his father found me, a little girl,
weeping beside my dead mother's couch, and took
me to his home; and I speak confidently, Lula,
when I say that I know his absence has some other
cause than that false modesty you would impute
to him—not one shade of which ever passed over
his noble nature. No, Lula, Preston is not abashed
in any presence. I have seen him enough to know."

To her maid's enthusiastic speech Lula made no
reply. She wandered off among her guests, her
heart ill at ease the while, and her eye turning
often towards the door, in the hope that it might
be greeted with the sight of Preston's manly form,
but in vain.

It was not long ere the unhappy Lula found her-
self again petulantly pouring her impatient mur-
mur into the ever gentle Mary's ear.

"It is provoking!" was her almost angry ex-
pression as she turned away and passed to a
window. She disappeared within the folds of the
heavy curtain, and pressed her heated brow against
the cool panes of polished glass.

It was bitter cold without. A biting wind
soughed through the streets, slamming shutters
and rattling at sashes, while the clear, bright
moon shed its rays upon the snowy paths, render-
ing the street almost as light as day. Suddenly
Lula's gaze was riveted by beholding, stretched
at length in the pathway below her, the form of a
child. It was her first impulse to rush out and see
who she might be, when her eye chanced to be
caught by a manly form which came rapidly down
the street, on the opposite side. In the shade she
could not distinguish who it was, yet something in
the gait arrested her attention. In a moment it
had reached a point directly opposite, and paused;
then came swiftly forward, as if bent for the pro-
strate child.

Lula's eye brightened, and her heart beat
quicker, as she recognised Preston Lowville! The
youth came up to the little girl, raised her in
his arms, and, without a word, passed rapidly up
the street with his burden.

It was but the work of a moment for Lula to
glide from the folds of the curtain, to seek the
nook where Mary sat, to take her arm, and lead
her quickly away, without disturbing the morri-
ment of her guests, nor attracting their attention.
Arrived in a room adjoining the hall, Lula said:

"Mary, put on your hood and cloak; quick;
and come with me. I have seen him!"

"Who?" said Mary, quietly, proceeding, at the
same time, unhesitatingly to do as she was bid-
den.

"Preston Lowville," was Lula's reply, as she
hastily arrayed herself in garments befitting the
wintry night, and sallied forth, followed by Mary.
"It is rash, Mary, I know," said she, as they
emerged into the street; "but something tells
me that I must follow Preston, if I would learn
that which will be for my own good."

Silently, but much surprised and wondering,
Mary hastened after her mistress, who sped over
the pavement as if gifted with the wings of the
wind, until, as they turned a corner, Lula slacken-
ed her pace, turned to her companion, and said:

"Do you see him?"

"Where?"

"Yonder; that dusky shadow is he; he has a
burden; we must see what becomes of it."

They had not long to follow him. Preston soon
turned into short alley which branched off from
the main street, and ended against a brick wall;
and as the two maidens also turned the corner, a
moment after, they beheld him enter a hovel at
the roadside, and close the door after him.

"I have hardly the courage to go farther,
Lula," said Mary, with a quivering and tremulous
voice. "Had we not better return?"

"Return?" said the maiden, as a strange fire
gleamed in her blue eye; "return? No! Where
Preston Lowville leads on, Lula Lansing
is not afraid to follow!" and the excited lass
advancing, tapped at the door which had closed
upon Preston.

A weak female voice answered:

"Who is there?"

"Almost in the same breath Preston's manly
voice said:

"Come in!"

And Lula lifted the latch and entered.

Preston arose in astonishment! Lula paused,
equally astonished, to view the scene before her,
while Mary closed the door and stood in the
shade.

Before a dilapidated fireplace, in which now
burned a ruddy flame, lay the burden, Walter had
evidently just deposited there; and in a corner
near, on a low bed, reclined the corpse of a man
whose earthly light had evidently just turned out,
with a smile upon his features, and an open Bible
lying on the bed by his side. This bed, a table, a
chair and a stool, constituted the furniture of the
room.

"Can it be possible," said the astonished young
man, "that I behold Lula Lansing?"

"It is possible," Lula gently replied.

"But what brought you here, Lula?" asked
Preston, stepping forward, and seating her in a
chair. "I am surprised beyond measure."

"And well, in truth, you may be, Preston," said
the maiden, now for the first time seemingly
appreciating the strangeness of her position. "I
can hardly myself tell what Providence led me to
this poverty-stricken abode. But, seeing you
bear a child from before my father's door, I was
moved to follow you; and I find you acting the
part of the good Samaritan, while I was complain-
ing, in my comfortable parlors, of your neglect!
How abashed am I to find that in neglecting me
you were ministering to the wants of those who
are a silent rebuke to me for my thoughtless
selfishness. Had I known your presence in this
home of misery, oh! what would have won from
me a word of complaint?"

A tear stood in the gentle girl's eye which at-
tested the sincerity of her words. She had learned
a lesson.

And by-and-by, when they walked home to-
gether, Lula begged her Preston again to forgive
her; and he answered:

"Yes, Lula, as my wife, you are forgiven."

The white dove of happiness nestled warmly in
Lula's bosom for the rest of that blissful evening;
but the lesson was not forgotten.

ACTION AT PINE KNOB, GA.
Death of the Rebel Gen. Polk.

On the morning of the 14th of June Gen.
Hooker advanced the 2d division of the 20th corps,
under Gen. Geary, to a position opposite to that occupied
by the rebels, under Lieut.-Gen. Polk, who were strongly
entrenched on the side of an eminence called Pine Knob,
but finding it almost impossible to dislodge them by an
infantry assault, Knapp's Veteran Pennsylvania battery
was brought up, and after an engagement which lasted
six hours, compelled the enemy to evacuate the position
amid the shouts of our men.

During the action a party of officers, evidently of high
rank, were seen in a work at the summit. A battery
below fired at the group but missed. Knapp's battery
then fired, and, from the confusion, evidently sent a
fatal shot.

The next day they learned that the rebel Lieut.-Gen.
Polk, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, was
struck by a ball, which went right through his body,
killing him on the spot.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND IN
1864.

We give in this issue sketches of the invasion
of Maryland in 1864. This brief campaign is in some
respects one of the most remarkable movements of the
war, from its boldness, the force employed, the skill
with which it drove back or avoided our miserably
scattered troops in the Shenandoah and bore steadily down
on Washington, till Wallace, with his handful, gave them
such a lesson on the banks of the Monocacy that they
recalled, halted, paused and lost all their advantage.
Yet they were across the Potomac with an army well-
nigh equal in numbers to that of Beauregard at Bull
Run, and far superior to his in *material*, led by expe-
rienced Generals, and with nothing of a commensurate
force before them. Washington and Baltimore, isolated
by their cavalry from the North, could not be relieved
for some days by land; the Florida made it dangerous to
send by water. Yet in one battle, Gen. Lewis Wallace,
sustaining a defeat, which in the nature of things was
unavoidable, so broke their impetus that the tide rolled
harmlessly away, and the veterans of the South becom-
ing by an easy transition, horse-thieves and cattle-robbers,
drove off their plunder in haste. Even the great cap-

ture of the raid escaped from them, Maj.-Gen. Franklin
and Brig.-Gen. Tyler.

Our large illustration gives a picture of the mode of
plunder; the cattle, horses, sheep are driven on, followed
by the Conestoga wagons taken from the farmers and
filled with all the useful and useless plunder seized by
soldiers on such forays; for in the excitement the valiant
man of war does not always recollect the uses of things,
and a soldier has been seen carrying for miles a wash-
board stolen from a farmer's house, when a shirt off his
line would have been a luxury that he had not enjoyed
for months.

After the defeat of Gen. Wallace some parties of the
rebels, or Maryland sympathizers, burnt several bridges
on the Northern Central railroad, connecting Baltimore
with Yorkhaven, and among others that over Gunpowder
river, at Magnolia, 19 miles from Baltimore. After
burning this bridge the rebels, under Gilmor, lay in
wait for trains, and on the 11th captured train No. 17 of
the Baltimore and Ohio road, killing the fireman. The
passengers were robbed, several ladies, evidently accom-
plices of the rebels, pointing out important men.

Gen. Franklin was put into a buggy by Gilmor and
driven across the country to Towson town and Reister-
stown, where they arrived at two o'clock A.M. on the 12th,
and bivouacked for the night. The General, who was
put in charge of Capt. Owen and two guards, lay down
to sleep, as he felt sick and tired. His guards were seen
asleep; and rising, he coughed, and made a slight noise
to attract attention, but their slumber was so profound
that he leaped a fence and ran for about three quarters
of an hour till he reached the cover of a wood, where
he hid. He remained in his concealment all the next
day, frequently seeing parties in pursuit of him. At
sunset he ventured out at all risk, and fortunately met
two men with bundles of hay, which they were taking
to their concealed horses. Learning who he was, these
two men dropped their hay and guided him, by a secluded
path, to their house, where he was closely concealed, to
escape the observation of the rebel scouts and search
neighbors fully as dangerous. On the 13th the farmer
formed his plan for the General's reaching Washington,
and conducted him to a spot where a carriage met him
and drove him into the city, feeling, as he said, "more
free than ever he had felt before in his life."

We trust that our Government will provide at last to
meet these raids. A Department should be formed of
the valley extending from Virginia through Maryland
and Pennsylvania, and placed under a General of skill,
ready resource, prompt and daring. The farmers in
Virginia should be registered as nearly as possible, so
that they should be known and delinquencies punished.
The militia in the Department in Maryland and Pennsylv-
ania should, with the consent of the Governors, be en-
rolled and drilled, and works erected at proper points
to check advances. A good General, with a Department
thus organized, should be able to prevent a raid or
capture the whole force.

JOSEPH LESURQUES.

The case of this unfortunate man has once
more been before the French Chambers, and although
it is 60 years old, has excited much public attention.
It is the most remarkable case of mistaken identity upon
record, and some notice of it may prove interesting to
our readers. He was executed in 1794 for the alleged
crimes of robbing the Lyons mail and murdering the
courier, but under circumstances of doubt and difficulty
which would have rendered his conviction at the pre-
sent time impossible. The case has been made sub-
servient to the purposes of the novelist and the
dramatist both in France and England; but even their
invention could add nothing to the horrible interest of
the naked facts. The tragical history is in the sub-
stance soon told. In 1794 the Lyons mail was robbed
of 54,000 francs (£2,160) and the courier brutally mur-
dered, and it appears that four persons were concerned
in the crime. Lesurques felt a victim to his close
resemblance to one of the murderers, not only in stature,
in features, and in complexion, but even in certain
marks on the face, on the hand, and on the body. He
was executed, protesting his innocence, and his inno-
cence was also asserted by some of the actual perpetra-
tors of the crime who suffered with him. His property
was confiscated to repay the Treasury for the sum lost,
and his family reduced to beggary. His wife shortly
after committed suicide; his son joined the army and
perished in the snows in Russia. One of his daughters
made a desperate effort to obtain restitution, after the
innocence of the father had been established by the
discovery of the actual murderer, a man of the name of
Dubosc, to whom Lesurques had borne so fatal a
resemblance; but she failed, and drowned herself in the
Seine on the morning after the rejection of her
claims by the Chambers. The second daughter died in
a madhouse.

The claim of restitution has not been permitted to
sleep. Something had been done by previous Govern-
ments, by paying small portions of the indemnity; but
the recent motion, made by the Baron de Jouzé, was
for the restoration of the 50,000 francs, together with
interest since the year 1794. The motion opened up a
discussion on the whole case, and it was eventually
assented to by 113 against 112. For more than 60 years
the law has refused to do a full measure of justice, and
the doing it now will be an act exceedingly popular.

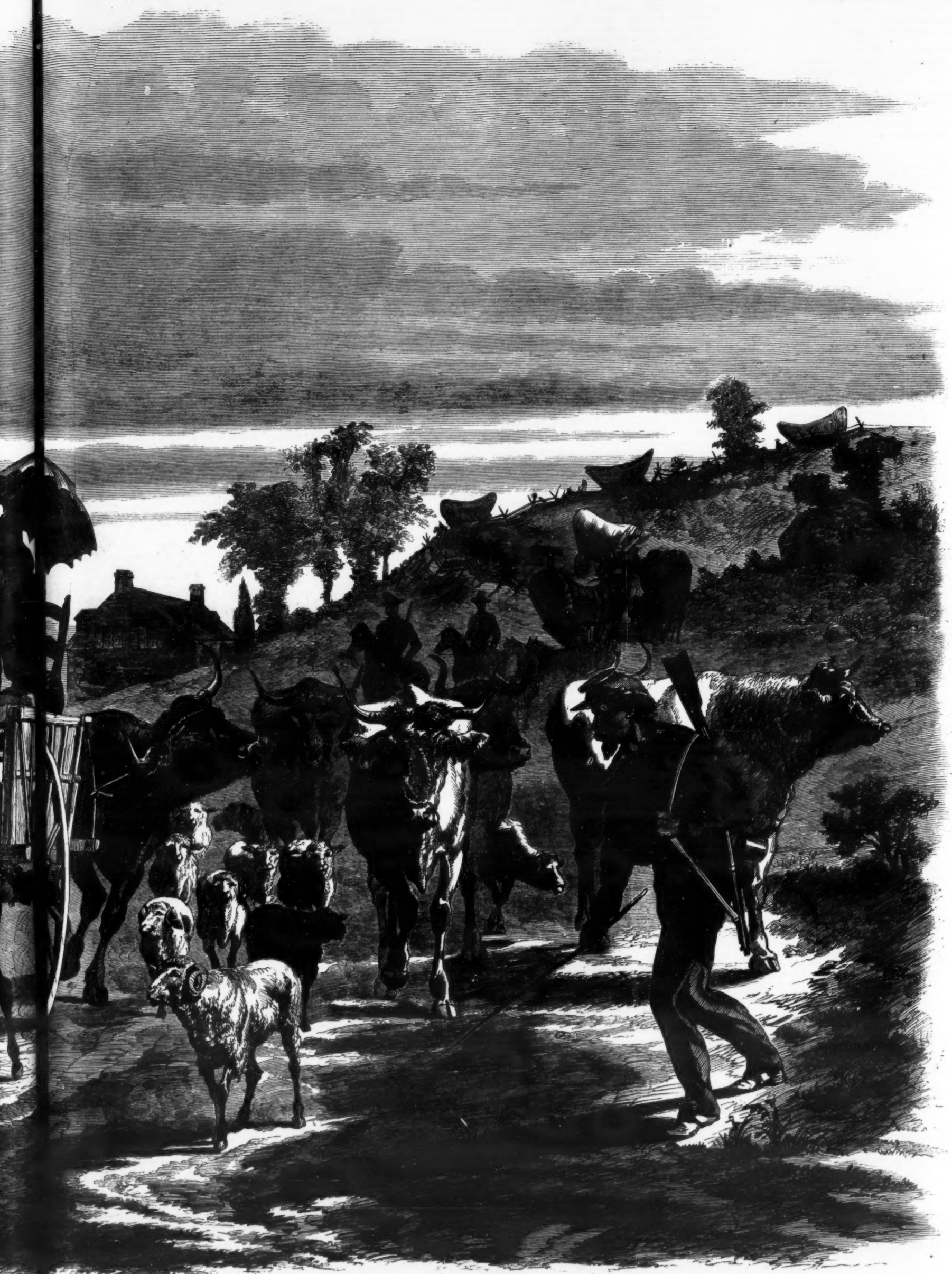
The whole of the proceedings in this case are very in-
structive, showing how fallible in judgment are human
tribunals, but particularly in showing the contrast
between the jurisprudence of France at that time and at
this, and in fact indicating the general improvement in
the administration of the criminal law within this
century. With the evidence adduced upon which
Lesurques was condemned and executed, no court of
law in Europe would now pass the sentence of death,
and certainly such sentence would not be carried into
effect.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Twenty years ago a
gentleman of this city resolved to remove out West,
and started for his destination. In New York he stopped at
a second class hotel, and while there was robbed of his
purse, containing some \$2,000 in gold. In the course
of his peregrinations he was successful and had forgotten
all about his loss, having accumulated a handsome prop-
erty. When the war broke out he was too old to enlist;
but, feeling patriotic, he offered his services to Gen.
Logan, and acted as Quartermaster to a brigade. One
night, on a march, the army arrived at a small town in
southern Alabama, and according to orders he took pos-
session of the inn for general headquarters. While
talking with the landlord he discovered that he formerly
kept a hotel in New York, and, upon pressing his in-
quiries, found that he was the identical landlord of the
house in which he had been robbed. In the course of
the evening he arranged a mock court-martial and
brought the landlord before it, charging him, among
other things, with the robbery. Much to his surprise,
the landlord confessed the robbery, and he had his
choice to *rescue* the money or die at sunrise. The man
received his principal, and all the interest the landlord
could afford to pay, in gold, which the gentleman in-
vested in U. S. 7-30 notes.

THERE were 411,613 mulatto slaves in the
South in 1860; of whom 69,979 were in Virginia, 43,281
in Kentucky, and 36,900 in Georgia. These numbers
are considerably beyond the legitimate proportion of
those States. There were also 176,739 free mulattoes in
the United States in 1860; of whom 106,770 belonged to
the South, and 99,969 to the Free States. Of the free
mulattoes Virginia contained 23,485, which number,
added to her slave mulattoes, makes a total of 93,824.
Her mulatto slaves alone exceeded the total number of
mulattoes in the Free States. The whole number of
mulattoes, slaves and free, in the Union, in 1860, was
588,352; of whom 69,969 belonged to the Free States,
and 518,383 to the Slave States—a number greater than
the combined white population of Arkansas, Delaware
and Florida—greater than the whole population of Mary-
land, almost twice as great that of South Carolina, and
twice as great as the combined populations of Delaware
and Florida. The mulatto population of Virginia alone
exceeds the number of whites in Delaware or Florida.



INVASION OF MARYLAND, 1864—REBELS DRIVING



WING AND FLUNDER TAKEN FROM THE FARMERS.—BY EDWIN FORBES.

THE CONTRAST.

We sit at home, nor feel that they
Who fight upon the distant plain
Are falling faster day by day,
A harvest of the slain.

We lightly walk the busy street,
Where trade and gain roll swiftly on;
They march a battlefield to greet,
And die as it is won.

The trumpet calls them in the night
To die for Freedom; and the boom
Of cannon from the fortified height
Still calls them to their doom.

Unmoved we read of how they fell
To shield the starry flag from shame;
Dauntless through storms of shot and shell
In the red battle's flame!

Brave hearts are beating for us there,
Amid the conflict's feverish breath;
This hour, what soldier's hurried prayer
Is said for you, in death.

They lie upon the lonely hill
Or blackened plain in dreamless sleep,
Their rest eternal! Never will
They wake, like us, to weep.

We rise each day to weary toil
And hourly strife—their work is done!
Their blood will consecrate the soil
Their lives so nobly won.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE!"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

It was mid-day, and not one speck of sunshining when the train fumed up to the Stanfield station and dropped Isabelle. It was cold and raw, a miserable drizzle coming down steadily, and as she stepped from the cars the prospect was anything but cheering. There was the wretched passengers' room of the depot, fireless, and smelling fearfully of tobacco, two or three surly, sneaking curs, and two or three gaping rustics; while one stupid-looking station-keeper was paying particular attention to a pair of English-whiskered youths, who, by the array of guns, fishing-rods and small wares they had in possession, had evidently come down to take all the feathered and funny tribes by storm. Until the station-keeper had got through his admiration of these fellows, and gone with them to a neighboring tavern, from whence he came back wiping his mouth and looking more flushed in the face, Isabelle could expect no attention nor yet expect to move. Then she asked that gentleman:

"Do you know where Colonel Swinton's place is?"

"Be you a new gal comin' up thar?" was the gentleman's polite way of answering the question. Isabelle was forced to smile, in spite of her annoyance.

"No; but I am anxious to get up there."

The station-keeper eyed her all over with a sort of detective officer air, and then deliberately said:

"Wal!"

"Can you tell me how I can get up to the place?"

"Wal! I karkilate you kin walk up 'bout as good as any way."

"Is there no carriage to be had?"

"Wal, thar's Jim Homes is got a kerridge, but then he ain't around, and won't be till to-morrow night. He was drunk up to Davis's last night, and I karkilate he ain't out yet this mornin'."

"If there's no way to ride, can you get me some one to carry this carpetbag, then?"

"What do you karkilate to give for kerrying it?"

was the station-master's inquiry, looking at the bag as though he was counting its weight and was about to offer for the job himself.

"Whatever you think is right," was Isabelle's heart-sinking response.

"Wal! if you want to give half a dollar, I karkilate black Jim would take it up for ye?"

And so the matter was settled, and Isabelle started with a crippled negro for her guide, the bag slung upon his back, and three miles of dreary, muddy road to traverse on foot to join her husband.

For a mile the negro trudged on without a word, but then, perhaps the whiskey—for which he had stipulated before starting—beginning to act, he commenced, by attempting certain pigeon-wings, accompanied with laughs, to express the goodness of his feelings; and then, finding that these demonstrations had no effect on Isabelle, he stopped a little in his pace, and said, in a solemn voice:

"Ye ain't a gwine ter stay at do haunted house to-night, missis, is yer?"

At first Isabelle was not disposed to indulge black Jim in an answer, and by not doing so at once shut off all chance of his entering upon any conversation; but a glance at the negro's harmless face removed what fear she might feel in being alone with him on an unfrequented road, and she answered:

"Yes, I shall stay there to-night."

"All night, missis?"

"Yes."

The negro's eyes dilated to an extraordinary size, and with a look at Isabelle, as though he was gazing his last on a doomed one, he said:

"Dem yar ghosts ketch yer, sartin, missis. Dey's werry bad up dar!"

Isabelle could not help smiling at the earnestness of black Jim, and asked him:

"How do you know about these ghosts?"

"How I know 'bout dem ghosts? Golly! how anybody know 'bout ghosts? I saw'd 'em, missis—saw'd 'em wid my own eyes."

"Did anybody see them beside yourself?" Isabelle said, without absolutely wishing to call the veracity of black Jim into question.

"Oh, jinks! jus hear dat! Anybody seed 'em 'sides myself! Guess ebberybody seed 'em 'sides me. Why, missis, dem yar ghosts trabels all ober de place. Dars lots o' folks seed 'em. I seed 'em,—one ob 'em. De one I seed got a yellor dress on and run like fun. Ebberybody knows dat Kernel Swinton's place is haunted."

Isabelle did not feel inclined to continue the conversation at this rate of information, and therefore kept silence and trudged on for the balance of the three miles.

At last they arrived in front of a house, bearing all the appearance of a farmer's homestead, of an ancient build. The lower part of the house was stone, and from the gable up, wood. Its age showed that the original building might date for a century, but all experts would be at fault to tell at what periods the different wings and additions were completed. Her guide posted himself at a ricketty gate leading up to the house, but made no offer to open it.

"Go in!" said Isabelle.

"Dey keeps a dog yar, missis," was the answer of her squire.

"Give me the bag, then," she said, slipping the money into his hand, and taking from him his burden; "I will go in alone."

The negro, with a grin of satisfaction, relinquished the bag and seized the money, and then, with a look of wide-mouthed wonder, he made a sidelong dance into the road, and said:

"Good-bye, missis! Look out whar yer gwine," and was off in an instant.

Isabelle, by great exertion, pushed open the gate, and was for a moment startled to see a great English mastiff bounding down the path, with yelps of attack. The dog came on to her very feet, but, seeing no signs of terror, followed submissively up to the house, where a knock at the door, after a long waiting, brought a stout Irish girl, of a vacant face, who stared unknowingly at the new comer.

"I want to see Colonel Swinton," was Isabelle's first speaking.

The girl only gazed in a wild manner, as though the language was foreign to her.

"Do you not hear me? I want to see Colonel Swinton. Tell him so directly."

The girl dropped the knob of the door in a frightened way, and stepped back a pace or two, but at an impatient movement from Isabelle slid away through a door on the alcove, and left her standing in the hall. She had scarcely stood five minutes when the sound of a step was heard, and a tall, gray-haired woman, of severe face, came slowly down a flight of stairs leading into the hall, and towards her, as though she would, by the piercing power of her cold gray eyes, look her through, and know at a glance the meaning of so extraordinary an appearance as a visitor.

"What is your business?" she said, mechanically.

"My business is to see Colonel Swinton," Isabelle answered, proudly.

"Colonel Swinton cannot be seen, madame."

"I will see him. You can go to him and say that his wife is here, and waits his pleasure."

"Phew!"

But there was a change in the hatchetty face of the elder lady in a moment. A rigid smile came over her countenance, and she said:

"I beg your pardon, madame. I did not know that I should have the honor of receiving Colonel Swinton's wife. I did not know that the colonel expected you. He is very ill; the doctor has ordered quiet and repose, and he has declared that he will see nobody, and so I am only following orders. Please walk in."

And the woman threw open the door of an unadorned room, and, moving forward in the dark, pushed the shutter, letting in, perhaps, the first light it had known for months.

"Colonel Swinton has been down here for two weeks," she continued; "but he has been ill all the time, and I am sure he never breathed a word about expecting you."

"It makes no difference," was Isabelle's response; "I do not know that I shall stay here; but I wish to see Colonel Swinton directly," and she divested herself of her bonnet and shawl, and threw them upon the sofa.

"I will go to the colonel and announce you," was the woman's reply, moving towards the door.

"No; I will go to him now. What is your name?"

"Miller, madame. I have lived in this house, madame, ever since I was born. I was raised by Colonel Swinton's grandmother, and knew the colonel when he was a boy."

Miller went forward at an unwilling pace in obedience to Mrs. Swinton's movement, until she had reached the second floor, where she stopped again, and said:

"Perhaps you'd better let me go in and tell the colonel that you are here."

Isabelle paid no attention to the suggestion, but pushing by her, entered a large, sombre, darkened room, with an old-fashioned tiled chimney place, and furniture that seemed somewhat too good and too well kept for the house of a farmer. It took almost a minute for her eyes to become accustomed to the dim light, but when they did they saw a figure lying on a bed in the far corner. A motion of her hand dismissed Miller, who went away with a doubtful frown, and Isabelle seated herself beside the bed whereon lay her sleeping husband. Almost an hour she sat watching his uneasy slumbers, a tossing, restless, dozy sleep, until he turned full to the front, and said:

"Miller, drink!"

Isabelle took the pitcher from the table, filled the glass and gave it to the outstretched hand. He drank without raising his eyes, and, handing back the tumbler, caught sight of the figure of Isabelle in the dim room.

"Who is that?" he said, in a quick, commanding voice.

She drew near to the bed and leaned over him, but instantly started back at the sudden movement he made towards her.

"George, do you not know me?"

"What—what—what does this mean, Isabelle? What are you doing here?"

"George, you were sick and I came to you. Do not blame me, I must see you and I must stay with you."

"Stay with me! You cannot stay with me. Ring that bell. You must go away immediately. Isabelle, you do not know what you are doing by coming down here."

"What I am doing! What does this mean? Is it a matter of criminal import for a wife to join her husband when he is ill? George, what do you mean by telling me this?"

"Mean! Isabelle! I mean that you must go away instantly," and Colonel Swinton sat up in the bed, with his arm stretched out, and his finger pointing towards her.

"I will not go," she said. "I came here not only to attend you because you wrote that you were ill, but because I felt that I must see you, and that I must, once for all, understand our future, and know what I have to expect."

He dropped back upon the bed, and for a few moments was entirely silent, then raising himself upon his elbow he said:

"Isabelle, if I were able I would answer you, but I am not. I have but this to say, that you must go away from here. Return to your uncle, and say that I sent you back. Go to a hotel, do anything, but don't stay here."

"Why?" She stood away from him as she asked this.

"Why do you tell me to go away from you? Surely, George, if there was a reason for this you could explain it to me."

"No! no! I cannot explain anything!"

"Then I will not go. If you cannot tell me to-day I can wait, but I will not leave this house without an explanation of your conduct, unless I leave it with you."

They were looking into each other's eyes, but a few feet apart, he with a look of disbelief in the disobedience of one whom he had never before known to disobey his slightest whim, she with a set determination to carry out that which she believed to be right. At last he spoke again in a low, hollow tone:

"Call Miller. I want her immediately."

"George, cannot I wait upon you? What service can you want that I cannot do?"

"Call Miller," he reiterated, in a louder tone.

"Will you not let me wait upon you? Why should you bring that woman between us?"

This time he almost shrieked out, "Call Miller," and Isabelle rose and went towards the door to obey; but the call was unnecessary, for the sudden appearance of the woman showed that she had been within hearing of his voice. She advanced quickly towards the bedside, and without looking at Isabelle or asking the cause for which she was so vehemently summoned, she said in the calmest and most mechanical way:

"This is very wrong! The doctor has ordered quiet and rest, and that he must not speak or be spoken to, and here is nothing but excitement and danger. It is very, very wrong!"

Isabelle made no response, but stood aloof, waiting to hear what would pass between those two.

"Miller," said the sick man, "I shall get up. I am going to New York."

"His mind wanders!" she said, as though speaking to herself. "Colonel, you cannot get up. You are not able. Dr. Warner will be here very soon. His time is up now. Compose yourself until he comes."

"Yes! yes! but I must get up then. I must go to New York. This lady must be taken back to the city. I must do it."

"Really this is too bad," she said again, as though to herself. "Too bad! It may be really dangerous to him. I wish the doctor would come."

Miller looked at her watch, and then towards the door, at which, as though answering her wish by springing from nothing, an elderly, calm-faced man entered with a velvety tread, and advanced to the bed, with a slight bow to Isabelle. The patient had turned his face to the wall, and as the doctor stood looking on him, Miller, without changing her own position or looking at Isabelle, said:

"Mrs. Swinton, Doctor Warner."

The doctor took the hand of Isabelle with professional courtesy, and then said:

"I fear your unexpected arrival is not calculated to assist our patient, Mrs. Swinton."

"I shall not disturb him, doctor, but I shall remain quietly about him until he is well."

The doctor gave an acquiescent nod, and without more words seated himself at a small table, and after compounding some medicines and writing directions for their use, got up and went away.

Colonel Swinton had dropped off again to sleep, or was feigning it, and Isabelle left the room, making a motion to Miller to follow her. When they reached the parlor below, Isabelle turned quickly towards her, and in a voice different from what she had yet spoken, she said:

"You will understand in the future that what I may say to you must be obeyed. Do not make any mistake on this point."

The woman bowed her head in silent, sulky acquiescence.

"I intend to occupy a room as near that of my husband as possible. You will, of course, prepare it for me."

"Certainly, madame."

"Let me see the apartments you intend I shall occupy."

There was something in the voice of Isabelle that told this woman, notwithstanding her desire to command, that she must obey, and on this she went out to her bidding. Directly opposite Swinton's room were the apartments shown by the housekeeper for her accommodation, and Isabelle

took possession of rooms leading into those of her husband, and looking out upon the back of the house.

The night was gathering fast, and Isabelle sat in her room gazing out on the shadows that were coming down upon the surroundings of the house. There was nothing cheering in her position, and yet notwithstanding its unhappiness, she felt more content than when in that lonely spot in Pennsylvania she waited and watched as a deserted wife. She was now with her husband, and in his own house, where he could not go from her, or where, if he did, it was something that had a semblance of a home. There she may watch and wait, and when the time came that she could speak, would know her fate, whether it was to live apart and neglected or whether there was enough of that love left he once possessed to make her life something that would accord to the requirements of her heart. And then her mind went wandering back to the girl days when, in the Brown Cottage, she had been surrounded by nothing but friends, warm and true; friends who were now perhaps like herself, looking out upon the fast appearing stars and thinking of her as she thought of them, and—

What was that?

A figure, tall and strangely dressed, flitted before the window, stared an instant towards her with an unmeaning look, and was gone. It was certainly a woman, though the face would scarcely tell it, and in the dim light Isabelle had little chance to see what would have enabled her to identify it. The eyes were large and bright, though a strange, unearthly look came out of them, and the features were drawn and gaunt, though not old. A shiver ran over Isabelle as she recalled the words of the negro that day, and cast her eyes over the dim, sombre look of the room in which she sat. She was no believer in the supernatural, but who could this extraordinary person be who had just now so mysteriously flitted through the grounds, with a movement that was neither walking, running or flying? She raised the sash and strained her eyes out into the darkness, but there was not a trace of the mystery, and once more she seated herself to muse not only on her past, but on all the strangeness of her present.

Some days passed, and Isabelle had gradually calmed herself into a daily routine. Twice or three times a day she spent a little time with her husband, studiously avoiding any action or word that would be likely to lead to a discussion of his conduct or her purpose. Between herself and Miller there was almost entire silence. Isabelle had never said anything to her of the singular appearance of the first evening, beyond asking directly the next day whether there were inmates of the house besides herself, Colonel Swinton and the servant girl, and receiving a "No, madame!" for answer. She had thought it better not to have Mademoiselle Pauline down with her, and had written to Wilton, to provide her maid with accommodation at the hotel to which her baggage had gone.

Every day Doctor Warner came, like a machine, with his soft, catlike way, and looked at his patient, compounded his medicine, said a few courteous things to Isabelle, and went away. Mrs. Swinton's movements were confined to a very circumscribed area, merely from her own room, in which all her meals were served, to that of her husband's, and from these, once during the day, to the long gravelled walk that led up to the house through what had once been a flower garden, but was now an overgrown mass of weeds.

To Isabelle's room there were two doors, one leading out to a long deserted room, the other into the hall. The first, Miller had informed her, on taking possession of the apartments, had not been opened since the old lady's death, now nearly ten years, and Isabelle found, upon trying it, that the door was firmly fastened, apparently nailed, on the other side. The door leading into the hall she always locked upon retiring to rest.

This was the state of things when Isabelle had been one week in the house. It was upon a dreary and chilly night, and that evening she had caused a wood fire to be made upon the hearth, which was still blazing when she retired to bed. How long she had been asleep she could not tell, only by the appearance of this fire when she was awakened, which still smouldering in coals showed it to be somewhere near midnight. The cause of the awakening was a noise in the room, about as much, perhaps, as would have been made by a mouse gnawing upon the wainscot, and Isabelle turned to see a figure, darkly clad, crouching over the dim embers on the hearth, and holding two skinny, shrivelled hands close to them. For a full minute she gazed at this strange apparition, almost too terrified to speak, and then, with a spasmodic courage, she started to a sitting posture and cried:

"Who's that?"

It was as though the sound of her voice dispelled the phantom in an instant, and before Isabelle could reach forward for a match to light the lamp at her bedside, the figure had risen to its feet and disappeared in the darkness of that part of the room where was the door that led into the deserted apartment. The full gleam of the lamp showed the room without any occupant but herself, and a trial of the door leading to the other room, proved it still firmly fastened as it had ever been.

There was something mysterious in this; something that sent a heart-sickening pang through Isabelle. Was this figure, which she had twice seen—for though she did not identify the second with the first she still felt sure that they were one—a reality, and some part of the strange reputation of the house, or was it merely a figure of her imagination, engendered by the trouble she had passed through? It was impossible that her mind could be so affected on that one point alone, and not upon any other. No! the figure must be a reality, and yet what could it be with that strange, gliding, noiseless motion,

passing through fastened doors, and laughing looks to scorn?

There was no more sleep for Isabelle that night, and yet when morning came she determined to say nothing to Miller about the matter, but wait for some elucidation of it without her aid. Quietly she went into the deserted room, and examined the door, and was convinced that it was unopenable from that side, without the exertion of great force, and that as far as could be judged by the accumulation of dust, it had certainly remained shut for the time that Miller claimed. This was another strange thing to ponder on, but as day after day went over the matter became softened in her mind, and Isabelle was disposed to persuade herself that what at first she regarded as a mystery was nothing more than some natural occurrence that would ultimately meet with easy explanation.

Thus nearly twenty days had slipped away, and Col. Swinton had almost recovered. He had not yet left his room, but every day he would take possession of a great armchair facing the window, and sit for hours, looking out upon the distant hills, without speaking a word. Several times Isabelle had offered to read to him, but the offer was always rejected, mildly but discouragingly. During these times he never exchanged over two or three words with her, but when she was out of the room, and the doors open between their apartments, she could hear him holding long conversations under his voice with Miller, all, seemingly, questions on his side, and answers upon the other.

It was upon a night of nearly the twentieth day after her arrival at the place, that Isabelle had gone early to her room, and sitting for some hours writing, went to sleep more wearied than usual. It was the first snow of the season, just enough had fallen to cover the ground, and to cast the reflection of its brightness into the room, so that everything in it was light and easy distinguished. Isabelle had scarcely fallen into her first doze when she was conscious of a choking sensation, and struggling awake, found herself grasped by the throat, by a figure bending over her, and glaring down with a fierceness of face terribly real. Isabelle essayed to scream, but the hands tightened on her throat, and nothing came but a gurgling sound, which could not have been heard beyond the room. She tried to rise, but the strength of her attacker was too great, and she remained fastened by the powerful grip to the bed, her strength and breath rapidly passing away. The minutes were hours, and the hands tightened upon her throat. There was no help to reach her, and Isabelle, with one little, silent prayer, swooned.

Within half an hour the house was awakened by shrieks, and Miller hastening to Mrs. Swinton's room, from which they came, found the door locked inside, and the screams being repeated with terrible emphasis. In a moment Colonel Swinton had staggered from his bed, and dashing towards the fastened door, finding that it did not yield to his hand, went back to his room, and with the speed of thought brought out a heavy, old-fashioned poker. One or two blows with this sent a panel whizzing from the door, and gave admittance to Miller's hand to unlock it, and admit them both, to find Isabelle standing white and rigid, in the centre of the room, a few drops of blood oozing from her mouth and nose, and dropping on her nightgown, while her right hand was clenched, holding a piece of faded yellow silk, and a scrap of fringe.

CHAPTER IV.

"She has been greatly terrified," Dr. Warner said, the next morning, as he stood by Isabelle's bedside; "she must be kept very quiet, and not be left alone at night. Another such fright, and I will not answer for the consequences."

Isabelle had been moved into another room, and Miller was in attendance, for a nervous fever was the result of the night's work. Colonel Swinton had returned to his bed, the excitement having cast him seriously back, and the housekeeper felt that she had her hands full.

Doctor, Mrs. Swinton informed me this morning that she has written to New York, peremptorily, for a friend of hers, a Mr. Peyton, and his wife, to come down. The letters went forward this morning, before she told this. What do you think of it?"

"They must come," said Dr. Warner, sententially.

"Had Colonel Swinton better know of it?"

"Not yet. It will not do to disturb him with anything for some days yet."

The housekeeper drew the doctor to the far corner of the room.

"Doctor, do you know what Mrs. Swinton's belief is about this affair?"

"No!"

"She thinks it was done by some one on the instigation of her husband."

"What!" ejaculated the doctor, with an astonished look at Miller. "Does she really so believe?"

"She really so says."

"Oh, dear! dear! This has been a very careless affair. Very unfortunate!"

"Yes! but as I have said, doctor, how could it have been foreseen or prevented?"

"True enough," said the doctor, thinkingly. "But none the less unfortunate. And so she thinks that it was Colonel Swinton's wish to murder her?"

"No! she does not absolutely say that, but she says her friends will be here to-day or to-morrow, and that she will return to New York with them, and then, that this affair will be inquired into, that a divorce may be got."

"Very unfortunate! very!" repeated the doctor, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the toe of his boot. "Do you know anything about this Mr. Peyton?"

"Peyton," suggested the housekeeper. "No!"

I have never heard of them until now, but she says that he is her nearest and dearest friend."

"Ah! ah!" said the doctor, stooping to pick up a pin, and critically examining it in the light. "Married, of course. Ah! yes, brings his wife down with him. Very unfortunate, very! Must be careful that no more accidents occur."

"I can't understand how it could have happened. It was most unaccountable. I tried to persuade her this morning, that it was merely a nightmare, and that she had injured herself in her struggles to wake, but she only points to the scratches and bruises on her throat."

"The thing mustn't occur again," said the doctor, depositing the pin, after a thorough examination, in a little silk pouch taken from his vest pocket, and taking his velvety feet out of the room and into a buggy that stood waiting at the gate.

The next day at noon a carriage drew up to this same gate, and Wilton Peyton jumped out, and handed his wife to the ground. Miller was standing at the main entrance of the house to welcome them, which she did with a serene courtesy, and a single glance, that in its sweep took in the entire characteristics, mental and physical, of the couple, and then ushered them into the parlor.

"How is Mrs. Swinton," was Wilton's first question.

"Quite unwell," was Miller's answer; "something serious has occurred since Mrs. Swinton wrote to you."

"Serious!" said Peyton, looking inquiringly at Miller's face, as though he would read its meaning.

"Yes, sir! Mrs. Swinton will inform you when she sees you."

"Let us go directly to her then! Come, Nelly! she will tell us for coming so abruptly. You will please show us the way, madame," and Wilton moved somewhat hurriedly towards the door, followed by his wife. The housekeeper opened a room door upon that floor, and in a moment, Isabelle, who had been on her couch, was clasping both Wilton and Nelly in her arms, with one wild burst of passionate tears.

For the first time in his life Wilton kissed Isabelle, a kiss of pure affection, a kiss of sympathy, without knowing of what her distress consisted, such a kiss as a brother may have given a much loved sister, for so did he love her.

"What is this, Isabelle? Why did you send for us in so positive a way? Don't cry, but tell us everything. No harm shall come to you now!"

Between her sobs, for she could not speak, she pointed to her neck, bruised and scratched, the livid marks of the fingers upon the white skin. He looked at it with horror, and into the soft blue eyes of his wife, which were full of tears.

"Great heavens! has it come to this? Isabelle, you cannot live with this man," were his words, spoken in a low tone.

"Not him! not him!" she said in a whisper.

"Oh, you do not know how terrible it was!"

"Isabelle, compose yourself. What do you mean when you say, 'not him'?"

"Hush, Wilton; you shall know all, but let us go away from this house. Indeed my life is not safe here. I cannot sleep, I am afraid."

"Can you not explain? If you cannot do it now, let us wait until you are more composed, but it is in this house that I should know everything, not after we have left it."

"And you will stay with me, you will not leave me?"

"Not until you are in safety. Now, Isabelle, I only wish to ask you one question. Did Swinton do this?"

"No! no! no!" she said, getting the shawl that was about her high up in the neck, "not him, but something more terrible."

"Did he cause it to be done?"

She buried her face in Nelly's bosom, but spoke no word of answer.

"Isabelle, you must answer me; if you would have me serve you, there must be no concealment. What has been the cause of this attack upon you?"

"Murder," she whispered, without looking up. Wilton's brows knitted with a convulsive twitch.

"Will you tell me everything, without keeping back a single word that you know yourself?"

"Yes!" and in a moment, drying her eyes, and swallowing the sobs that had been choking her utterance, Isabelle, in a clear, connected way, gave him a history of her doings from the hour she had left him, especially that part which related to the attack.

"Have you told of this murderous attempt, except as far as relates to the last attack?" was Wilton's first question.

"Who had I to tell?" she asked; "I only spoke of the attempt of the night before last, and that to the doctor and Miller. I have not seen my husband, they say he must not be seen, but that he believes, or professes to believe, that the whole matter was a dream, and that I have wounded myself during sleep."

"And the doctor?" Wilton asked.

"See, Wilton, this is the strangest part of the whole. Neither the doctor nor Miller have shown the least surprise, nor have they suggested that any attempt should be made to detect or arrest the guilty one who sought to murder me in my sleep!"

Just then a knock came at the door, and the housekeeper entered.

"I have informed Colonel Swinton of your arrival, sir, and he requests me to say to you that he wants to see you immediately, alone!"

"Be courageous," he whispered to Isabelle, "no farther harm can possibly come to you," and then he followed the housekeeper into Swinton's room.

Colonel Swinton was lying upon his bed, and as Peyton entered raised himself upon his elbow. He made no sign of greeting, and spoke no word of welcome, but almost before Wilton could dis-

tinguish him in the dimness of the room he heard his voice.

"What school of gentlemen were you educated in, Mr. Peyton, that taught an interference in the domestic affairs of one almost a stranger to you, and a thrusting of your society on him in his own house? I am waiting your answer, sir!"

Indeed he might have waited some minutes longer without this reminder, for Wilton was almost deprived of a rejoinder by the suddenness of the attack. He recovered himself, however, in an instant, and said, in a firm, decided tone:

"I was educated in a school of humanity, Colonel Swinton, that taught me always to protect a defenceless and abused woman, to say nothing of one whom I shall always esteem as a sister, and interfere for as a brother should, even to the extent of incurring her husband's displeasure."

"Ah! and are you sure that your knight-errantry is acceptable to the lady?" he said, fairly hissing the words out.

"Perfectly sure! She has shown it by sending for me, and now that I am here, by declaring that she will leave this house under the protection of myself, and in the society of my wife."

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Peyton, that I shall probably have something to say about my wife's leaving this house. She came here against my positive orders, and insisted upon staying when I commanded her to go back to the city, and when I was ill to resist her obstinacy. Now she shall stay, whether she wishes to or not, until I can take her from here myself."

"You are mistaken, Colonel Swinton, your wife is my sister, or chooses to consider herself as such, and I am proud to bear the title of her brother. My house and my mother's are open for her, true homes, where she can remain in safety, until such time as the law gives her release from you."

He was stunned by the coolness of the man with whom he had to deal, but recovering himself in a moment, he said:

"The law! What stuff are you talking? The law! Is Mrs. George Swinton about to act as any shoemaker's wife would do, and appeal to lawyers for aid against her husband? You talk like a child, Peyton; Mrs. Swinton has no foundation on which to have an appeal to law."

"No foundation, Colonel Swinton, is murder no foundation?"

"Murder! Pahaw! If I did not know you for a temperate man, Peyton, I would ask you now if you were drunk. I thought I would send for you as soon as I heard of your arrival, that I might warn you and your wife against encouraging this delusion of Mrs. Swinton's that she has been attacked. The entire truth is that she has had an unpleasant dream, and struggling with it, I am told, has bruised herself badly."

"Colonel Swinton! look at me, and ask yourself whether I look like a child that can be deluded with such tales as these? If I had not already heard Mrs. Swinton's story of this attempted murder, I would only have to look at her bruises to see that they were done by a human hand, and by no tender one at that."

"You are wrong, Peyton, and the less that is said about the matter the better."

"The less said about an attempt to murder your own wife, Colonel Swinton!"

Swinton was quiet for a few moments, looking somewhat absently at Wilton, as though thinking, and then said:

"Well! we will suppose this has been an attempt to murder Mrs. Swinton, how do you think her position is to be bettered by an inquiry?"

The question was a staggering one to Wilton, staggering from its very impudence. There before him was a man who, but a few months married, was desirous of entering upon an argument to show that he possessed a right to murder, or have his wife murdered. To Wilton's reasoning, this was the only view of the case. Swinton saw this look of horror and astonishment on Peyton's face, and followed it up by saying:

"I accord to you somewhat of the position you claim in Mrs. Swinton's estimation, and am willing to submit for yours or her consideration, whether it is worth while to follow out any inquiry in a matter that can only end in our—I say our—disgrace and entire separation, when, by foregoing that inquiry, everything reasonable that my wife demands shall be accorded?"

He ceased, looked earnestly at Peyton, and waited for his answer.

"If you are appealing to me, Colonel Swinton, personally, to stay any action I may contemplate in the affair, the appeal is utterly uncalled for. I shall do nothing but at the request of Mrs. Swinton, and when she makes that request, I shall only move as she may command, without attempting to influence her in any way. My own belief is that it should be the subject of investigation, and in this opinion I must remain unless something is shown by which I may know that the real happiness of Mrs. Swinton is at stake by seeking such investigation."

"Will you not receive my assurance that it will be ruin to us both to follow the matter?"

"I ask no assurance for myself, nor do I arrogate a right to demand any explanation of your meaning, but most assuredly some can be given to Mrs. Swinton?"

"There cannot," he said, with a sudden burst of passion. "She is a fool to ask it, and you are a fool to encourage her in any such demand."

"Colonel Swinton, you forget yourself, and presume upon your helpless state. This interview is ended until such time as you can account to me for the language you have just used. Mrs. Swinton must act as she pleases without my influence being used to dissuade her, and she shall have my entire assistance in any steps she may see fit to take."

And without another word Peyton rose from his seat and left the room, while Swinton, who had raised himself almost on his knees in the bed, gazed after him with features livid with anger. On his way back to Isabelle, he was stopped by

Miller, who came hastily out of a room upon the same floor as that of Colonel Swinton's, and confronted him.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, do persuade Mrs. Swinton to take the colonel's advice, and not press this terrible affair any farther. Do not let it become public."

He shook off the hand that she had laid upon his arm, and looking the woman sternly in the face, answered:

"There is something strange in your solicitude, Mrs. Miller. Your lady has been attacked mysteriously in her bed at midnight, and an attempt made to murder her by a woman—understand me, by a woman—and you join Colonel Swinton in wishing to hush it, and ask me to become a party to this infamous request. I believe you have told me that there is no female in this house but yourself and the servant. If it were this girl, you certainly would not want to shield her, therefore I cannot see that you are adding to your own reputation by seeking to smother an investigation. If there is anything to confess, let it come at once, and let the guilty ones throw themselves on the mercy of Mrs. Swinton."

"Oh! gracious heavens! am I also to be suspected? Has it come to this, that I am to be accused of an attempt to murder Mrs. Swinton?"

"Do you draw any distinction, Mrs. Miller, between the murderer and the one who is accessory, either before or after the fact? If you do, be assured that upon that point the law will differ with you."

The woman stood aghast and dumb, looking him in the face until the last word was uttered, and he had turned away, and disappeared at the foot of the stairs, then she hurried with precipitation into Colonel Swinton's room.

Isabelle had sobbed herself into an uneasy, feverish doze, which continued for an hour after Wilton's return, when she awoke suddenly, and with a start, rising herself, looked him inquiringly in the face, with the single exclamation of:

"Well?"

In a few words as possible, Wilton gave her an account of his interview with Swinton. When it was ended, she said:

"And you declared to him that you would not advise me against an inquiry?"

"I did."

"And that you would give me your aid in any steps I may see fit to take?"

"I will. But consider well, Isabelle, what you are about to do."

"I have considered it well, and I am determined to have this mystery unravelled—for mystery it is—of a deeper kind than I have any power to explain. If it is as Colonel Swinton says, something the investigation of which will result in ruin and disgrace, let the ruin come, it must equally come without the elucidation; but the disgrace cannot come to me, I have done nothing to deserve it."

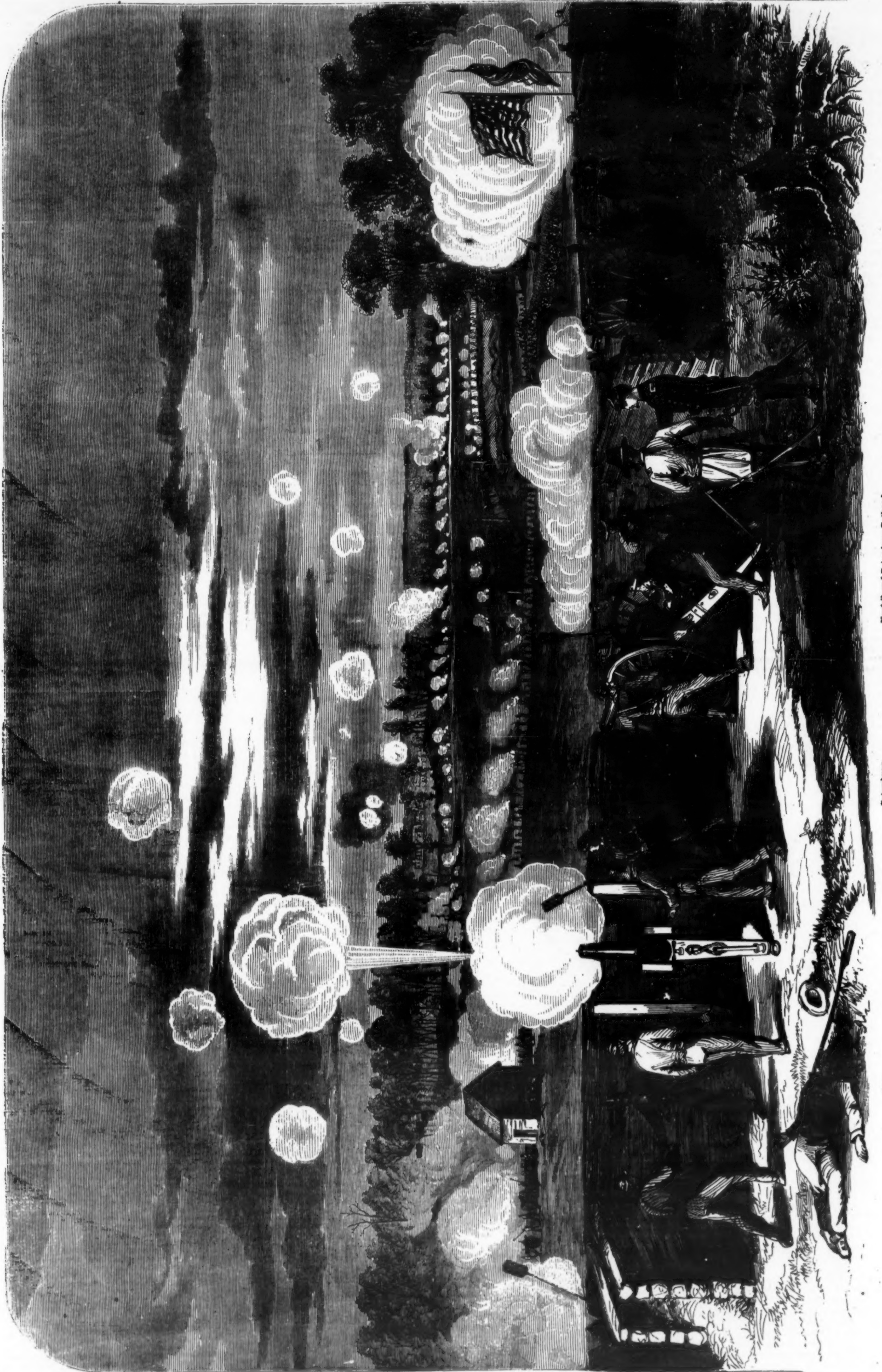
"And how do you propose to unravel it? I shall not advise, but if it can be done without an absolute public exposure, it will be better."

"Wilton, you know how I have been educated, without any knowledge of the world. I was taken from my quiet, happy life, and thrust suddenly out to think and act for myself. What I may do now possibly will not meet with your concurrence, but I have determined, and I will not be turned aside, and you have promised not to advise or influence me. Now, I have read of men—detectives—who, having spent a lifetime in such business, are skilled beyond our comprehension in unravelling these mysteries. I shall send to New York for one of these, and tell him the story. He can do more than ourselves, and with its unravelling we can then tell what shall be done. What I want of you is to recommend this man, and if you do not know of one, I shall write to the chief of the police and explain my want."

Wilton sat silent and thought. It was certainly the only plan he could think of at that moment, even had he been inclined to offer one, and he could recommend a man whom he believed would do, a quiet, unobtrusive person, who had "worked up" a remarkable case for a friend of his only a few weeks before, in a manner that sounded more like romance and superhuman perception of hidden things than reality. The matter was discussed, a letter was written, a messenger obtained from a near-by farm, without the interposition of Miller or the servant, and the next evening, just as the twilight was coming down over "The Place," Mr. Darius Brobbett, professional detective, a small, eel-like man, with a never-resting eye, walked up the garden path, and reported himself to Peyton.

THE PIKE.—The boldness of the pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one follow a bait within a foot of the spot where I have been standing; and the head keeper of Richmond Park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond of that park, when a pike made a dart at it, and he had just time to withdraw it. A gentleman now residing at Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me that, walking one day by the side of the river Wey, near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately pulled off his coat, tucked up his shirt-sleeves, and went into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river, and to endeavor to throw it upon the bank by getting his hands under it. During this attempt, the pike, finding he could not make his escape, seized one of the arms of the gentleman, and lacerated it so much that the wound is still very visible. A friend of mine caught a pike a few minutes after breaking his tackle, and found it in the pike, a part of the gimp hanging out of his mouth. He also caught another, in high condition, with a piece of strong twisted wire projecting from its side. On opening it, a double eel-hook was found at the end of the wire, much corroded. This may account for so few pike being found dead after they have broken away with a gorged hook in them. An account will be found in "Salmonis" of a pike taking a bait with a set of hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from a line.

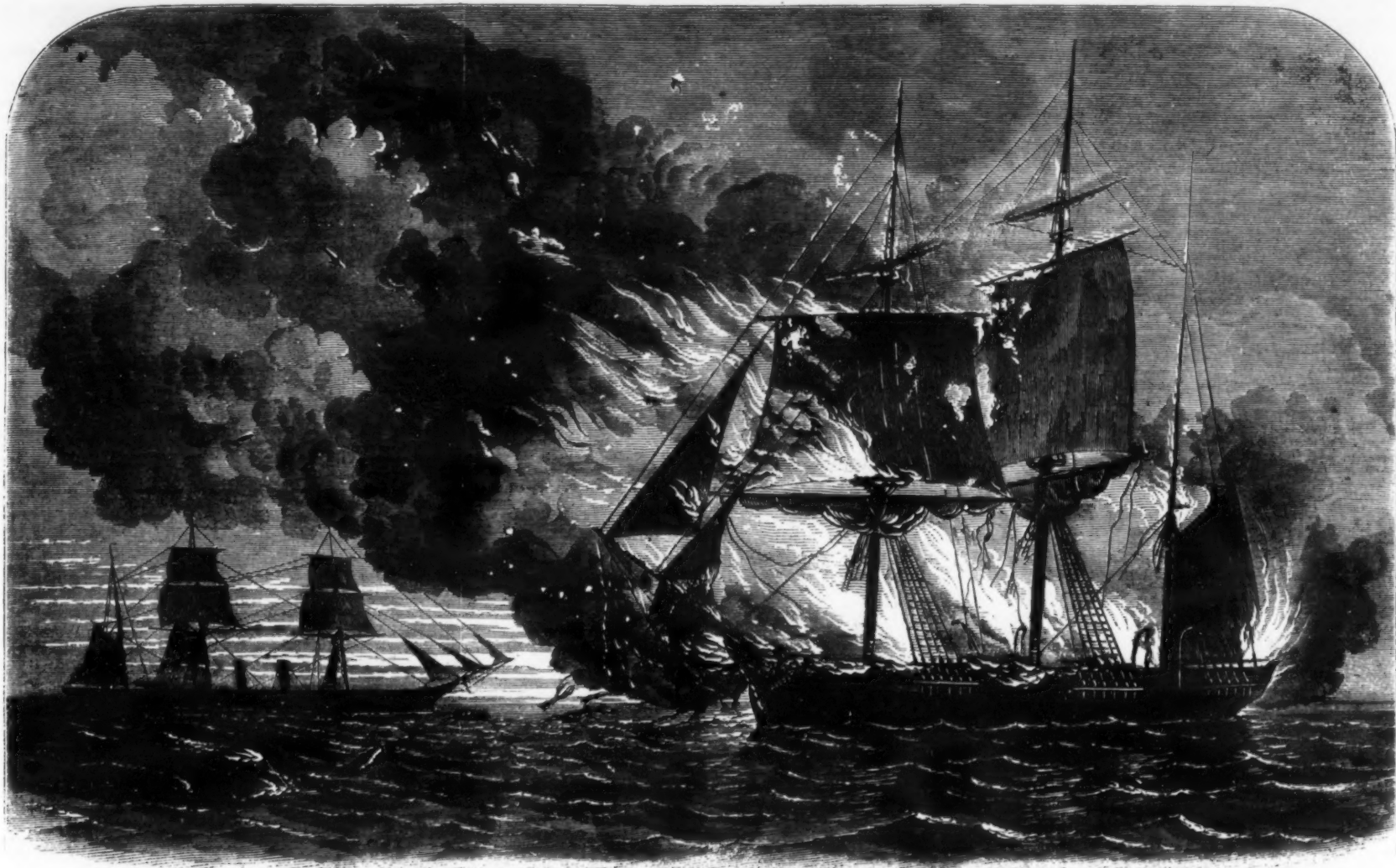
It is impudent to ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister whether he ever did anything very wrong. To ask a merchant whether he has ever cheated a customer. To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau. To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BOEMER'S BATTERY, 3RD DIVISION, 9TH ARMY CORPS, SHELLING PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. MCCOLLUM.

Barn.

Petersburg. Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad.



THE PIRATE FLORIDA BURNING THE BARQUE GOLOCONDA, OFF CAPE HENRY, JULY 8.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the arrival of the gratifying intelligence of the defeat and destruction of the pirate Alabama came the news that her consort, the Florida, is on our coast, running her course of piratical ruin. She seems to have struck across to the Chesapeake and at once began waylaying vessels. She is now commanded by Capt. Morris, and carries 130 men. She has two 120-pound rifle guns, two 12-pound howitzers, and a battery of six guns.

On the 8th she captured and burned the barque Golconda, Capt. Winslow, on her way from Talcahuana, with 1,800 barrels of oil; and soon after the barque Greenland, with coal for Pensacola; the Gen. Berry for Fortress Monroe, with hay; the Margaret Y. Davis; barque Berry; barque Selinda and schooner Howard.

On the 10th she captured the Electric Spark, a new steamer, of 850 tons burthen, built in Philadelphia, and a very fast boat.

Capt. Graham of the Electric Spark thus describes the capture, which we represent in our illustration:

"When within three miles of us she hoisted the British flag. We answered by running up the Stars and Stripes. She neared us rapidly, and, when within 1,200 yards, she hauled down the British flag, hoisted that of the rebel Confederacy, and fired a rifle shot across our bows. It did no damage, and we continued rapidly on our course, when she fired another shot, which crossed our

stern. As we still held on, the Florida fired a third shot, which passed over us amidships, about midway between the smokestack and the mainmast. I then ordered the engine to be stopped and our colors lowered. The Florida immediately sent aboard a boat's crew and an officer, who proved to be Lieut. Stone. He ordered me on board the Florida, with the ship's papers. I at once complied, and on reaching the deck of the privateer was asked by Capt. Morris where I sailed from and to what port I was bound? I answered from New York to New Orleans. He then asked for my papers, which I handed to him. After looking them through he ordered me to return to my own ship, and transfer my passengers and crew to the British schooner Lane, which he had boarded that day at noon. The Captain of the Lane at first refused to take us, as his vessel was loaded with fruit; but Capt. Morris finally struck a bargain with him, by which he finally agreed to take us to New York for \$720 in gold, which sum he received in \$20 gold pieces.

We give a view of the destruction of the Golconda by the pirate, and of the capture of the Electric Spark.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

OUR readers will be able to study the siege of Petersburg in our illustrations this year, as they did that of Vicksburg last year. It is one of those cases where pictorial illustration has an advantage over mere verbal accounts. To say that Grant is pushing the siege seems little, but when, as here we show, how far he

has pushed it, the matter has a different look. In previous sketches we saw the distant spires. Here we see the 34th New York battery (Roemer's), and the 7th Maine (Twitchell's) of Wilcox's 3d division of Burnside's 9th Army corps shelling the city itself as it stands in full sight, and less than three miles off. The rebel lines between are gradually approached and forced back, and the city is hourly nearing its destined fall, as surely as the current of Erie that sets towards Niagara.

HOOVER'S CAPTURE OF LOST MOUNTAIN, JUNE 14.

In the advance of Gen. Sherman, after the lucky cannonading of Pine mountain that cost the rebels a Lieutenant-General, McPherson crossed the Etowah, Palmer moved on Kennesaw and Howard on Pine mountain. To Hoover was assigned the assault on the difficult position at Lost mountain.

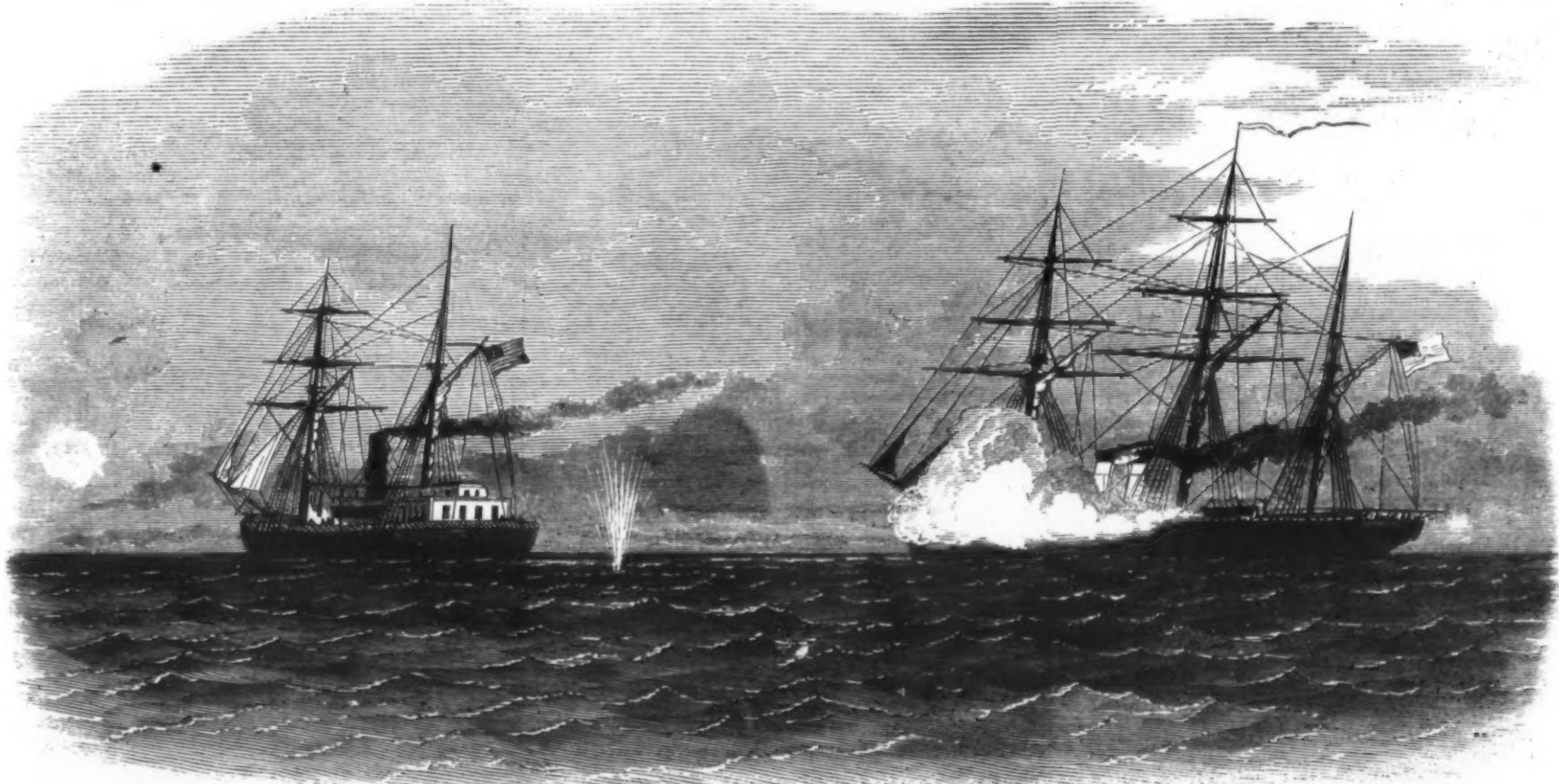
On the 14th he pushed forward, with Gray in the advance, and soon came up with the enemy. Having driven the rebels from two hills, Geary being without support upon his right, was forced to halt.

Butterfield and Williams having arrived, and formed in open fields on the right of Geary's position, about 3 P. M., Gen. Hoover ordered an advance of the corps. The lines moved forward, driving the enemy's pickets rapidly before them, halting now and then a moment

to dislodge some of the more stubborn of the rebels who maintained their fire until almost under the feet of the advancing troops. Geary's division was the first to encounter the enemy in strong force, with whom a sharp volley or two was exchanged, and they then fell back to their strongly entrenched lines, from which they opened a terrible fire.

This was the commencement of the fierce struggle which lasted until after dark. The main line of 2d division had pushed to within 150 yards of the rebel works, its skirmishers having driven those of the enemy within cover, and having advanced close to the works. Volley succeeded volley, and it was sometime after night had closed ere the contest abated to the ordinary brisk fire of the opposing lines of skirmishers. Butterfield, on the right, met the enemy, but became but lightly engaged. Under the cover of darkness the enemy threw out a strong line of skirmishers, and the morning of the 15th opened with heavy firing, resulting in repelling an attempt of the rebels to break the picket lines of Geary's 2d and 3d brigades.

The night had not been spent in idleness by Geary's troops, who, aided by Robinson's brigade, of the 1st division, threw up lines of works, the front ones being advanced still more closely to the enemy. The right of the 2d division line being subject to an enfilading fire was swung to the rear a short distance, but the main line of works was within 100 yards of that of the foe. Artillery was placed along the lines, and on the 16th took prominent part in the struggle, which continued



THE PIRATE FLORIDA INTERCEPTING THE U. S. MAIL STEAMER ELECTRIC SPARK, FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY QUARTERMASTER JOHN KROGER.

with varying intensity till after nightfall, when it resumed the customary character of a brisk skirmish. During the day (15th) the 2d division had been without support on the left, was joined by a brigade of Williams's division, who in turn connected with the 4th corps. The behavior of the troops throughout was excellent, officers and men standing well up to the work. Early on the morning of the 16th the skirmishers of Geary's 1st brigade discovered that the enemy had evacuated, and they immediately pushed into the works. Speedily after two of Geary's brigades occupied the enemy's old line, which was one of the strongest our troops have yet encountered; the trees and grounds surrounding proved how severe had been the struggle. The corps lost about 700, of which number 519 were lost by the 2d division; of these but five were missing, the remainder being killed or wounded.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY

A WONDERFUL storyteller, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the Lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.

WHAT is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat? It is an admitted fact that one swallow does not make a summer, but one cat can make a spring.

A FELLOW who was being led to execution told the officer not to take him through a certain street, lest a merchant who resided there should arrest him for an old debt.

An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals in an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of getting the prize."

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a woman eye, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

A PERSON who looks at the world in some what gloomy colors recently complained in M. Auber's presence how hard it was that people must grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

I saw him stand upon the brink
Of wild Niagara's fall,
His mien disordered, and his face
The strongest might appeal.

A moment stood he gazing down,
With charmed eye and bated breath,
It might be that across his brain
There flashed the thought of death.

I saw him toss his arms on high,
"Stay, madman," loud I said;
He heeded not, but springing up—
Went home and got to bed!

A SOLDIER who read his name in the list of deaths at an hospital wrote home that he didn't believe it. In fact he knew the statement was a lie as soon as he read it.

"I WISH," said the slight and elegant Mrs. Fitzbob to her friend Mrs. Tigg, whose embonpoint was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean."

"I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair wife—"You think too much of me, and too little of yourself."

SPOONER was arrested for drunkenness, and waxed indignant thereat. Spooner is loyal. "Now, I axes," says he, "if it's right to go and arrest a man for supporting the Government. Every drop of Hoker I swallows is taxed—taxed to support the war. S'pose all us fel's was to stop drinkin'—why, the war'd stop, and the Government'd stop. That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog; I mortally hates it. If I followed my own inclination, I'd rather drink buttermilk, or ginger-pop, or soda. But I Hokers for the good of my country, and to set an example of loyalty and virtuous resignation to the rising generation."

A GENTLEMAN from Lexington, Ky., relates an incident relative to John Morgan which is certainly characteristic of him, whether it be true or untrue. After he had stolen the celebrated racehorse Skeadiddle, Mr. Clay started in pursuit with two fine animals, worth over \$500 each, and overtook the freebooter, and offered him both, together with \$600, if he would return the racer.

"These will answer your purpose just as well," said Mr. Clay.

John looked up at the horses carefully, and said: "Well, Mr. Clay, they will answer my purpose just as well as Skeadiddle, and I am disposed to accommodate you."

Here Mr. Clay's countenance brightened.

"As I am disposed to accommodate you, I will partly comply with your request."

Mr. Clay was puzzled.

"I will partly comply with your request, I'll take these two horses, but I can't give you the other."

Mr. Clay was completely taken aback; but he was not allowed to get away that easy. The soldiers took the \$600 from him, and he was compelled to leave for home on foot, with his pockets empty.

There is a place in New Hampshire, they say, where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of 20, and is unmarried, the young fellows snub together and draw lots for her. Those who lose the chance pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

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CELEBRATED

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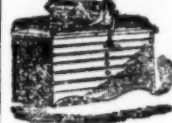
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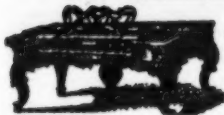
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